

SATURDAY NIGHT

HAROLD F. SUTTON, *Literary Editor*

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CHILD OF CELT AND INDIAN

"NIPSYA" by Georges Bugnet; translated from the French by Constance Davies Woodrow; Louis Carrier, Montreal; price \$2.00.

BY SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL

A NEW book comes like an accredited stranger. He may be well dressed, good-mannered, handsome, intelligent; or, if a woman, she may create a sense of grace and beauty, and a feeling of hope. Too often none of these things happen, but one never despairs. In a single year eight hundred writings were sent to me for judgment; but hope still remained.

One morning last week, an oblong packet arrived by air mail and special delivery; the four borders were decorated with forty variously coloured stamps; the cover was worthy of a frame. Publishers have their own devices; but this one hit the mark, from the strange mode of conveyance. The book in the parcel was called "Nipsya." It came out of the sky by way of New York through Louis Carrier from Lac des Aigles, "where the Pembina flows to the Athabasca, and thence northward to the Great Slave Lake."

The author of the book, as it appears on the title-page, is Georges Bugnet; it is translated from the French by Constance Davies Woodrow. It appears, too, that under the name of Henri Don-tremont the author has also written "Le Lys de Sang" and "Le Pin de Maskeg"; and that the translator has written three books of her own, "The Captive Gypsy," "A Children's Caravan," and "The Celtic Heart." In a letter, Mr. Carrier supplies the further information, that Mr. Bugnet is a Frenchman from France who "went native" in Northern Alberta twenty-five years ago, married a Métisse and has ten children; he spends his summers farming in the northern fringe of the Peace River country, and his winters editing a modest French weekly paper in the town of Gunn which is in Alberta. The French text in a primitive form was printed obscurely in Montreal five years ago, but was soon lost to sight.

A book that comes to a judge of books is like any other specimen that comes to an assayer or botanist. Too often, the hopeful metal is cast aside as iron pyrites, "fool's gold"; or the healing plant as merely an acrid *crucifera*. All three proceed by the same method; and the tests for a book are as certain as the tests for metal or plant, if only they are rigidly applied. The first test is: In what class does the specimen fall. "Nipsya" at once falls into the class of "Maria Chapdelaine" by Louis Hémon; and there is only one other Canadian book in the same class. The relative value of the two then remains to be determined.

"Maria Chapdelaine" also was first published obscurely in Montreal. It was not until it was translated and published in English that much interest was aroused. Two million copies in French were quickly sold, and the book might be bought at the stalls in Naples or in Cairo. But "Maria Chapdelaine" was perfect in literary skill. No one could add or take away from the words of the book; but one might safely risk the apocalyptic doom, not by adding but by taking away certain episodes from "Nipsya," whereby it too might be made perfect.

NIPSYA is a girl of sixteen, half Cree, half Celt. She lives with her Indian grandmother in a

hut. Her cousins are half Cree, half French. They live in a large white house. She is pagan; they are Christian. Her religious adviser is a sorcerer; theirs, Father Lozée and the "Black Robes" of the Mission. The theme of the book is the inner and outer conflict of these elements in the mind of the maiden.

So long as the author confines himself to persons whom he knows, his delineation is firm, sure, and true. They live and move and have their being

profoundly. They become masks through which the author relieves his pent-up mind.

THE novel is a narrow plot; not so narrow as the sonnet, but the bounds are equally defined. Georges Bugnet has traversed these bounds, and makes occasional vague excursions into politics, religion and war. He mentions Ottawa, the Empire, land-titles, and Louis Riel, until one is afraid that he will describe the "battle" of Fish River or Batoche. Louis Hémon does none of these things; his concern alone is to unlock the heart of Maria Chapdelaine. Georges Bugnet has with equal success unlocked the heart of Nipsya, the Cree maiden; but he has done it less deftly, more clumsily.

His observation of external nature is more penetrating than Hémon's, more detailed, and is described with equal beauty; but Hémon sees all things through the eyes of Maria, and only such things as have an immediate bearing upon the tragedy of her heart. Bugnet knows too much. In "Yoking the Oxen," one becomes more interested in the oxen than in Nipsya who is standing by. Both books move with the months and the seasons of the year. The climate is the same; the ice goes; the spring comes; the flowers appear; fields are sown and the harvest reaped; food is gathered, and winter comes again. All these external things Bugnet does even better than Hémon. He reveals a newer world with a greater intensity.

Some of the extraneous passages are so foreign to the author's mood, one might think they had been interpolated by an editor who desired to conform with an imaginary public taste. A nearer guess is, that they were written by Bugnet himself, after he had been reading Canadian stories of the North-West, or had been looking at "pictures" during an occasional visit to Fort Edmonton.

The work of the translator—herself an authentic poet—is well done; how well it is difficult to judge without reference to the French text, which is not available. The English flows smoothly, and gives a sense of the French words. In critical phrases one can surely divine what the French words actually are; but with a mild wonder how the author expressed—soul dawn—all set—made her ablutions—smiling blonde—the latter—worth while—serviette. Spoken speech, apart from the written word, is always vulgar, in the best sense of the term. When it is translated into another tongue, it is apt to become vulgar in the worst sense. It is for that reason William Archer's translation of Ibsen is so "vulgar." An artist is jealous for the dignity of the heroine. By her own virtue she transmutes the most sordid surrounding into a place of beauty. The author performs that miracle. At times the translator fails him. The natural posture of an Indian maiden is full of grace, and is described by the French word *s'accroupir*. The translator repeatedly uses a technical word which is an ugly word, and by association signifies to a English ear a degraded posture. In the finer passages she conveys the author's deepest meaning; a reader can all but hear his very words in another tongue.

Nipsya, as often as she appears, comes, a creature of beauty, wondering at herself; and the reader is kept wondering until the end. When the author loses sight of Nipsya, his art forsakes him. A book, like any other work of art, must be judged

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VILLAGE SOUS LA NEIGE

—From a Wood Cut by Edwin Holgate.

in the environment which he also knows so well. The Indian grandmother with her ominous "Hun-hun," her instinct for reality, her experience of life is penetrating as Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, with her eternal "Pourvu qu'il dure." The sorcerer, Mahigan, in his dance of ecstasy, gliding through the forest, peering from a bush, dogging the steps of the maiden, killing his brother beside the traps, and making a splendid atonement for his crime, is one of the most powerful figures in the tragedy of good and evil. Cléophas is the veritable pioneer, a strong link between the nomadic and agricultural stages of civilization. The Hudson's Bay factor is the honest romantic Scots boy, and the minor characters move across the pages like things seen. The "Black Robes" pervade the atmosphere, like a beneficent power.

When the author abandons the individual for the sake of portraying types, he enters another field, and moves with less surety. He himself is conscious of it, and defends himself in a specific note, assuring the reader that Vital Lajeunesse is "true to a type, the Métissés, Christian converts, who brought to their religion a zeal approaching asceticism and fanaticism." Making love to a willing maiden is an easy task; to convert her from an old religion is difficult; to make both attempts at the same time may be tolerable to her: it is tiresome to the reader. Vital reasons like St. Augustine in terms he learned from the "Black Robes." His amour is interesting; his metaphysics and theology are not—either to the maiden or to the reader. Some of these primitive people cogitate too

BERCHTOLD'S WAR

BY B. K. SANDWELL

"JULY '14," by Emil Ludwig, translated by C. A. Macartney; Ryerson Press, Toronto; 378 pages; 16 portraits; \$3.50.

THE attitude of the world of today on the subject of war is very largely determined by the feelings which that world entertains on the subject of the manner in which the Great War of 1914-18 came to pass. There is therefore no subject on which it is more important that a correct, or at least approximately correct, conception should be entertained by thinking people in all countries. When the welter of the strife first subsided and the misrepresentations and perjuries of the various Red, White, Blue and other Books began to be apparent, it looked for a while as if it would never be possible to arrive at such a correct conception—so conflicting were the claims, so innumerable the relevant facts which called for sifting and fitting together. Ten years have worked an astounding change. Herr Ludwig is now able to say, and his words will probably be accepted by most historians who have specialised on this task, that "the origin of the recent war is known to us more exactly than that of any earlier war in history". The historians have indeed, with the exception of a few extremists on various sides, reached a fairly general agreement on all the important points. It remained for the results of their agreement to be put before the public in a form adapted to the requirements of the man in the street; and for that task no better pen could have been found than that of Emil Ludwig, not himself perhaps an eminent historian, but a brilliant practitioner of that psychological-dramatic method of popularising history which in recent years has converted millions of readers from a diet of fiction to the more sustaining mental food derived from the study of man's real past. Herr Ludwig has marshalled his material with masterly skill, and if he has had, in the practice of his art, to dress up his characters in stage costumes and parade them under certain lights, the costuming is that which is authenticated by the tradition of their parts, and the light plays from many different sides and has many blending colors. The result should not be seriously misleading.

The plot of the drama is strangely simple. A certain Count Berchtold, Secretary of State for Austria-Hungary, was determined to use the Sarajevo murders as the pretext for a smashing blow at Serbia; he seems to have thought that the war could be "localised", and in any event not to have cared very much what happened to the rest of Europe. He succeeded in obtaining a practical *carte blanche* for his plans from the German Kaiser, who was chiefly influenced thereto by the feeling that the Sarajevo murders were a blow against monarchy. With this *carte blanche* Berchtold was able to overcome the peace party in the Dual Empire and put through the Ultimatum to Serbia. The Serbian reply was so dexterously submissive that even the Kaiser regarded it as removing "every reason for war". But Berchtold had no intention of accepting any submission, and Austria, confident in German support, continued her preparations for war. In point of time Russia, entering in support of Serbia, issued her mobilization order an hour or two ahead of that of Vienna, but as Ludwig soundly remarks, fine points of chronology like this are of small importance; Austria was going to war anyhow. It was Austria which issued the first declaration of war; Berchtold got it signed by Francis Joseph by the device of including in it an allegation of an attack by Serbian troops at a place called Temes-Kubin; but before he made it public it had become evident that this allegation could not be substantiated, and he erased the sentence—but he did not ask his Imperial master whether he still desired war proclaimed without that excuse.

With Russia and Germany engaged, France came in automatically as a re-

sult of her treaty obligations. With Britain the treaty ties were much less definite, in fact it was possible for Grey to maintain to the last that there were none, and that Britain's hands were free. It is commonly alleged that if Grey had made up his mind earlier to declare that Britain would stand with France and Russia, there might have been no war. This contention is extremely difficult to admit. The Austrians would certainly have cared nothing for such a notification; they figured that what happened in Western Europe was Germany's business, and their own eyes were entirely on the Balkans. Germany was deeply committed, through the Kaiser's assurances to Austria, from the very beginning of the whole situation, and her military men were profoundly contemptuous of Britain's belligerent abilities. The degree of importance which they attached to the British decision may be measured from the astounding "bid for British neutrality" made by Bethmann to Sir Edward Goschen on July 29. Bethmann offered to "make no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France" (but refused to make the same undertaking regarding her colonies), to respect Holland's neutrality, and to restore Belgian territory after the war "if she has not sided against Germany." This is not the proposal of a nation desperately alarmed over the prospect of British participation, or likely to back out of a promising war if Britain does not undertake to stay quiet. Moreover the Germans had plenty of warnings—every possible warning short of an official declaration—that Britain would be against them. Lichnowsky told them on July 27: "If it comes to war in these circumstances we shall have England against us." And they knew as well as anybody in London, Petersburg or Paris that Britain's own interests practically forbade her remaining neutral in such a conflict; their only hope of her neutrality was that she might be blind to what her interests really were.

Herr Ludwig thinks that if the British Liberal party had been in opposition instead of in power it might have frightened the Conservatives into declining war. This is an extremely interesting theory which it is, of course, practically impossible to prove. The present reviewer cannot convince himself that it would have done more than delay the British entry by a few days. Herr Ludwig also believes that the alliance of Jean Jaures, the great French Socialist, with the French Government, which was initiated on July 31 and ended a few hours later by his assassination, had a true International Socialist motive, in that Jaures wanted to have access to the ministerial information in order "to be able to cry to them in the crucial moment: 'You lie!' The Germans are not stirring a foot." This seems fantastic; it is possible that some such idea lurked half-formed at the back of the Socialist's mind, but it is incredible that he would have carried it out, or would have been permitted to do so if he wished. It is possible also to question Herr Ludwig's faith that the International goodwill of the working classes could have prevented the war had it been given a chance to become vocal. But his main conclusion, that "the absence of any control over the individual governments had brought about European anarchy," and that the war was one "which a sound League of Nations could have prevented," is inescapable. The book is one which nobody who takes his world citizenship seriously can possibly afford not to read.

Eight firemen on Long Island have been sentenced to Sing Sing for starting fires. Let's hope none of the apartment-house firemen see this. — *American Lumberman*.

There were fifty-eight slight earthquakes during one day recently in Hawaii. No wonder those Hula maidens can dance. — *Springfield Sun*.



EMIL LUDWIG
Drawing by Schreiber

HERO OF TWO WORLDS

BY A. R. RANDALL-JONES

"LA FAYETTE," by Brand Whitlock; D. Appleton and Company; Ryerson Press, Toronto; 2 volumes; 24 illustrations; 24 pages; \$10.00.

VERY different are the attributes that have been imparted, in different ages and communities, to that great idol of a large part of the world which has been glorified under the name of *Republic*. For instance, the system in vogue in the United States is one thing, while the working principles of the French Republic are another, and the republic in the north of this continent has little enough in common, as regards either system or spirit, with the republics of the south. The new European republics, again, in their red caps (many of them sufficiently ill-fitting) may be regarded as in a class by themselves.

The word, "Republic," in short, like the word, "Liberalism," may, not inappropriately, be described as a summary term with many extensive applications, and these applications are often in very loose attachment to each other. But, granted all this, the term "Republic" commonly connotes, in the minds of large masses of mankind something that stands for the pursuit of the general social good as against both class privilege and dynastic interest. Soiled with ignoble use, as it has often been, and as, in fact, it is still being soiled, in certain countries of the world today, it yet has as its basic idea a sense of the dignity and worth of the individual.

In this sort of sense of the term, it may be said of La Fayette that he was as staunch and sincere a Republican as ever stepped. In the volumes under review, Mr. Brand Whitlock brings out this fact—and it is one of the essential and cardinal factors in the great French patriot's career—more by implication, perhaps, than by direct assertion, but very clearly all the same. One does not mean that La Fayette was a resolute or pedantic stickler, at

all times and under all circumstances, for Republican forms. As a matter of historical fact, he was not. To him the republic that he knew in the United States was the ideal form of human government—in his generosity towards it there was no kind of *arrière pensée* to the effect that it is the proverbial habit of new brooms to sweep clean!—but many times he asserted that France was not ready for such a boon and actively insisted on the maintenance of a constitutional monarchy of one sort or another. In a word, while he was naturally a republican, yet at more than one momentous juncture in French history, he declared unequivocally in favor of a constitutional monarchy for France.

"If I were forced to choose," he said one day to Louis XVI, "between Liberty and Royalty, between the people and the King, you know very well that I should be against you; but so long as you are faithful to your civic duties, I will sincerely uphold constitutional royalty." Some forty years later, his attitude toward Louis Philippe, the son of his old enemy, whom he helped to set on the throne, was much the same. To him he said: "I am a republican and I regard the constitution of the United States as the most nearly perfect that has ever existed." But he thought that what France needed, both in the latter part of the eighteenth century and at the time of the revolution of 1830, was a "popular throne surrounded by entirely republican institutions." At both epochs he found the "popular throne" of the day about as assimilable with "entirely republican institutions" as is oil with water!

In these two volumes Mr. Whitlock has given us a study of La Fayette that is altogether admirable. One feels instinctively that he has got at the core of a rarely fine, generous and fundamentally consistent character. It has been my lot to read quite a few of the published works on La Fayette. But (Continued on Page 17)

THE ART OF MARCEL PROUST

By F. C. GREEN

TEN years ago the name of Proust was utterly unknown in the English-speaking world: in his own country, prior to November, 1919, only a few enthusiastic followers of ultra-modern art had ever heard of him. A year after the Armistice, however, the Académie Goncourt awarded its annual prize for the best novel to Marcel Proust's *A L'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs*, the second part of his fifteen-volume work, *A la Recherche du Temps perdu*. We need not enter deeply into the bitter polemic aroused by this unusually happy choice. Is any literary prize ever awarded without a full-dress revival of Lafontaine's comedy-fable of the Miller and the Ass? Everything conspired to discredit Proust in the eyes of the public and the public of Paris is probably the most fickle, the most unjust in the world. The rival candidate, Dorgelès, presented an admirable war novel, *Les Croix de Bois* and Proust, a confirmed invalid, a hypersensitive, had spent the war immersed in his cork-lined room in the Boulevard Haussmann. The public saw in him only a wealthy dilettante, an habitué of the Ritz-Carlton, the familiar of that exclusive society which lives in the Faubourg Saint-Germain and has its *entrée* to the Jockey Club. Few had read the first part of his work: *Du Côté de chez Swann* and of these the majority remembered it as a queer, esoteric book written in a strange alambicated style. Rarely did an author make his bow in more difficult circumstances. *Swann* was refused in 1913 by several publishers till Grasset accepted its publication at the author's expense. Jacques Rivière of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* savoured its peculiar charm in a dreary German prison camp and eventually it was his house that undertook to produce the whole novel. Proust lived to enjoy his fame which was enhanced by the appearance of *Du Côté de Guermantes* and *Sodomie et Gomorrhe* but he died of pneumonia at the age of fifty-one on the 18 November, 1922. The last six volumes of his masterpiece comprising *La Prisonnière*, *Albertine disparue* and *Le Temps retrouvé* were published posthumously.

Marcel Proust opens a new chapter in the history of the French novel. In the nineteenth century one can observe the pulsing of two great movements in fiction, movements which English critics describe, I think too loosely, as Romanticism and Realism. The term "Romantic" as applied to the subjective novelists of the school of Rousseau and Chateaubriand is productive of confusion especially to the English reader since it embraces two tendencies which the French themselves differentiate: the *romanesque* or the element of pure imagination which exists in every type of novel, even in the most realistic, and *le romantisme*, the purely subjective element that we find in novels like Chateaubriand's *René* which are confessions and whose heroes are the authors themselves. My objection may become clearer, however, if we consider these two categories of novelists, Romantics and Realists in their method of approach to their common aim which is to present, within the compass of a fiction, the illusion of life so that the reader will exclaim: "That is the truth! That is life as I have experienced it or as I feel it must have been!"

A NOVELIST sets out to portray the passion of love. He may, like George Sand, simply invest his characters with his personal experiences, spiritual and physical. On the other hand, like De Maupassant or Flaubert he may approach his subject objectively and, resolving to suppress his personality, endow his heroes or heroines with sensations, sentiments and actions which he has noted in his observation of society. The latter, the Realists, would claim that their artistic method will produce a greater illusion of truth, that it will approach closer to reality than the art of the Romantic and subjective novelist because the final picture will be a synthesis, a "cross-section" to quote their language, of life. It is here that we see the danger of accepting the terms Romantic and Realist as representing opposing tendencies in the novel. For if you compare the texture of say, George Sand's

Lélia with that of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* it is obvious that there is no difference in the reality of the tissue of sentiments, sensations and actions which compose the love experience of the two heroines. But there is a vast difference in the generalisations which finally emerge from these experiences: for, whilst Sand conceives passion as an ideal, a mystic force absolutely transcending morality and the social laws, to Flaubert it is almost a purely physical phenomenon like goitre, the result of hereditary, social or climatic causes, something at any rate capable of rational explanation. Any criticism, then, which sweepingly opposes Romantic and Realist is misleading for, though it is true that the Romantics, by the idealism of their conception of the in-

dividual's relation to society are at the opposite pole from the Realists, they resemble the latter in the exactness of their notation of the things which compose life. And of course there were very many novelists like Alphonse Karr and Octave Feuillet whose novels are not confessions, who view life objectively but still through the rose-coloured glasses of the idealist.



MARCEL PROUST

of course a sort of cinematographic film of these things would be sufficient." But the point is that it is hopeless to seek reality in this way. The business of the true artist is to train himself to note the inner, vital realities which lie hidden within us and which are evoked by the most trivial things, so trivial indeed that our intellect ignores them. In the author's words: "A certain name read once in a book contains between its syllables the swift wind that was blowing and the brilliant sun that shone when we read it. In the slightest sensation brought by the humblest article of food, the aroma of coffee, we find that vague hope of fine weather which so often smiled at us when the day was still intact and full, in the uncertainty of a morning sky; a flash of light is a vase filled with perfume, with sounds, with moments, with varied humours, with climates". The old pseudo-realistic literature dealt with mere surfaces: it was of one dimension. Proustian Art does not stop at the outward appearance of an impression but delves deep into it as a bee into the calyx of a flower, sucking out its very essence; for the outward impression, the glimpse of the name in a book for example, or the aroma of the coffee is a mere symbol of an inner reality.

In Proust these two great forces, idealism and realism collide and coalesce in a blinding flash. To the dazzled eye of the literary critic it is impossible as yet to observe what new artistic combination the explosion has produced but there is no doubt that its repercussions have already impinged on the minds of novelists in Europe and America.

Essentially, Proust is a Romantic in the sense that his art is subjective. He interprets life by delving into the storehouse of impressions which we call his consciousness. But the method of his interpretation is new. A devoted admirer of the philosopher Bergson, Marcel Proust distinguishes like him, between the conscious and the subconscious, between the mass of ideas and sentiments that lies on the surface of our soul and the deeper, less easily accessible mass which lies beneath. The latter, according to him is our real self, our true personality. The former can with a little effort be recalled by the voluntary memory; the latter, as it were, by an involuntary act of memory, rise up to our immediate consciousness sometimes in dreams but often in our waking state. Frequently

sentiments, actions, sensations in their chronological order whereas the reality of life is extra-temporal. In other words, we must not think of the past as divorced from the present because each one of us carries the past in his subconscious mind from which it comes bubbling up into the present, bringing with it a whole milieu, breaking in thus into our present experience at the most unexpected moments. True art then, according to Proust must find a way of imitating this trick of nature's and of expressing this rhythmic interweaving of past and present. Thus Proust expresses why he knew the beauty of one thing long afterwards in another, why, for instance, he knew for the first time what noonday at Combray was in the sound of a bell or the mornings at Doncières in the bubblings of his radiator in his Paris flat. The artist must communicate by images, metaphors or some alliance of words this impression of the absence of time, of duration. If he fails he is no better than the old one dimension Realist.

But Proust has gloriously succeeded and that is his genius. One must of course read his work to realise what a new world he unfolds. As Monnet in painting gives us a new conception of light Proust in his *Recherche du Temps perdu* offers a new and startling vision of life. The novel consists of several long episodes: the love affair of Swann, the wealthy art-lover and *mondain*, with the cocotte Odette. Proust's own introduction to the fashionable society of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, his love for Albertine, the Lesbian whom he keeps a virtual captive in his rooms, her death and the ending of his love and finally the life and adventures of the baron de Charlus a moral invert. As in the *Gil Blas* type of novel the unity of the work lies solely in the continued existence of the narrator but where, in *Gil Blas*, we have an ordinary hero brought into contact with various extraordinary situations the reverse is here the case. For the hero, who is Proust himself, is a most unusual man. He is a life-long invalid in whom the obvious perceptions have been sharpened to an almost incredible degree. One can find no counterpart to him in the French novel without going back to Marivaux, another sensitive, but of course he is without Proust's wealth of psychological knowledge since he wrote two hundred years ago. Again, and here lies Proust's greatest originality, he has invented a style which, though it strikes us at first as complicated, is really the only possible skin to fit the wrinkles of his thought.

The novelist is for Proust a translator, an interpreter whose function it is to seek "beneath matter, beneath experience, beneath words, something different." And this is the key to Proust's method of notation since it explains the extraordinary fascination of his picture of aristocratic Parisian society from the eighties to the present day. His characters acquire an astonishing vividness by this method of exploration. Look at a photograph with the naked eye and then through a stereoscope and you have a faint idea of what is meant by the difference between a character drawn by a novelist of the old school and the same character as Proust would present it. We do not merely see the Guermantes or M. de Norpois, the garrulous diplomat, or Bloch, the Jew or the monstrous Charlus, the pervers. We live with them, hear their voices and in their most trifling gesture, the dropping of a monocle, their way of shaking hands, their use of a word we plunge our gaze into their inner selves. Never was a society recreated with such superb veracity; never did a novelist succeed in presenting such a mass of detail without losing sight of the ensemble.

PROUST is the greatest example of a literary psychologist that we have yet encountered and even the slightest of his characters is, as he would say, "the mouthpiece of a psychological law." All his description of society is an effort to discover the fundamental truths of human psychology and, in advancing the frontiers of the novel into territory till now regarded as taboo

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BEETHOVEN A PERSISTENT REBEL

BY A. RAYMOND MULLENS

BEETHOVEN," by Robert Haven Schauffler. Doubleday, Doran & Gundy, Toronto; 2 vols., 693 pages; price \$19.00.

BEETHOVEN being the towering figure in music that he was it is not surprising that scores of books regarding him and his works should have been written. And that the very great majority of these books should be acutely disappointing to those of us who feel that the music of Beethoven is perhaps the highest expression of the most inspiring and comforting of all the arts.

Mr. Schauffler, whose two volumes dealing with Beethoven and his music are now to be briefly surveyed shares this feeling. In his introduction he says: "From Schindler's day to this, the literature of Beethoven has often shown a strong mythopoeic tendency, a trend away from established fact, a leaning toward sentimental rhapsody. This school of biographers might well take as its motto M. Romain Rolland's laudless ejaculation: 'Let us inhale the breath of heroes!'"

Bravo, Mr. Schauffler! Those two sentences dismiss with the contempt they deserve at least two-thirds of the Beethoven books.

Not is the musical analysis sort of book much better, the book which abounds in such passages as: "descriptions of how the third bassoon, inverting the theme in the relative minor, is overwhelmed by furious arpeggi in F sharp, and staccato chords from the brass choir," to quote Mr. Schauffler once more.

The author of the latest book concerning the rugged old musician has written a book to which neither of the above quoted comments can fairly be applied. He has told us a great deal about the life of Beethoven and has told it without glossing over the many disturbing and unpleasant incidents which marred it. Also he has done his very best to set forth in simple, non-technical language the salient characteristics of the music which Beethoven wrote. For this task Mr. Schauffler is admirably fitted. He is a professional pianist of high attainments, he has played in many great orchestras and has been a member of a number of well-known string quartettes. More important still, he is a man of sound sense, a writer of skill, and the possessor of a very pretty wit.

Schauffler's "Beethoven" is not broken up into sections, each section being devoted to Beethoven's music or the details of his personal life, but the two are ingeniously mingled. As a result we have a strictly accurate account of the life Beethoven led and under what circumstances his music was written.

Not is there the usual attempt to link the two together. As a matter of fact, as Schauffler points out, Beethoven the man and Beethoven the musician were two distinct entities. Beethoven physically ill and tortured mentally wrote much of the morriest of his tunes. Once he sat down before ruled paper he seems to have been able to take leave of his flesh and all the discomforts it was suffering and address himself with utter directness to the task of putting down the music that was hammering and pounding away in his brain.

And so Mr. Schauffler's very complete and painstaking book is one that every musician, amateur or professional, may well be glad to have on his library shelves — always supposing, that is, that musicians ever read books.

I don't like Mr. Schauffler's sub-title, "The Man who Freed Music." Unless I am utterly mistaken, unless I am unable to view music in its proper perspective at all, nobody "freed" music; it developed as has everything that is an expression of a need inherent in man. Mr. Schauffler tells us that Beethoven established the composer on a professional basis (he raised the musician's not music's status); he democratized and universalized music; freed form; helped to liberate harmony and did a number of things in the service of his art for which every musician must owe him thanks too great for expression. But he did not "free" music any more than did Chopin, Wagner,

and, in a much more revolutionary sense of the word, Debussy.

Admitted that Beethoven knew not Bach—that master's music was to be discovered later — Mozart and Papa Haydn had presented him with splendidly tempered and sharpened tools for the work he was to do. Would it be fair to say that Mozart "freed" music from the rigid polyphony of Palestrina? Of course not. From the writings of the Tudor lutenists on, music had acquired an infinite extension and enrichment of its resources before Beethoven became aware of it. Beethoven took the excellent material ready to his hand and carried this work of extension and enrichment on and on to almost unbelievable heights.

But it is only fair to say — and Mr. Schauffler says it — that Beethoven

and even emperors—and thereby raised the musician to a position of something approaching respectability.

Beethoven early became almost totally deaf. The sound of instruments denied him he put on paper the sounds which forever rang in his brain. And Beethoven the master improviser wrote music that seemed at times to have come from no earthly source.

Such a statement as the one I have just written sounds suspiciously like the gush which is lavished on the works of any great composer. Actually it is a simple statement of fact. The later quartettes, for example, abound in passages which are instantly moving in their effect but which by their inexpressible quality of subtle surprise do seem indeed to have been written by a man who had no concern with the

NATURALLY Mr. Schauffler has a chapter dealing with the *Eroica* Symphony, the symphony, by the way which Beethoven himself considered the greatest of all the glorious nine. Mr. Schauffler hits out straight from the shoulder at those who will, willy-nilly, demand a programme in any great piece of music. We all know that Beethoven had Napoleon in mind when he wrote the *Eroica* and the "literary" musicians profess to see some literary significance in every phrase of it. Very probably, as Mr. Schauffler points out, the finale was the germ of the entire work and the tune which constitutes its first theme Beethoven had utilized for the main theme of his *Prometheus* ballet, written two years earlier. Of this finale a Professor Bekker—a murrain on all his tribe—wrote:

"A simple theme (hesitating between the dominant and the tonic) appears, representing the germ of the movement and also the first primitive form of life. The second figure imitates the clumsy, difficult motion of the first. The theme becomes clearly more definite and conscious, symbolizing life's will to form and suddenly assumes a different aspect. . . . The great act of creation seems to take place before our eyes, the creative will calling up an endless multiplicity of forms, till a supernatural triumph of mind is achieved, flooding the universe with light."

"Such literalism as this," Mr. Schauffler comments, "is one of the chief natural foes of music."

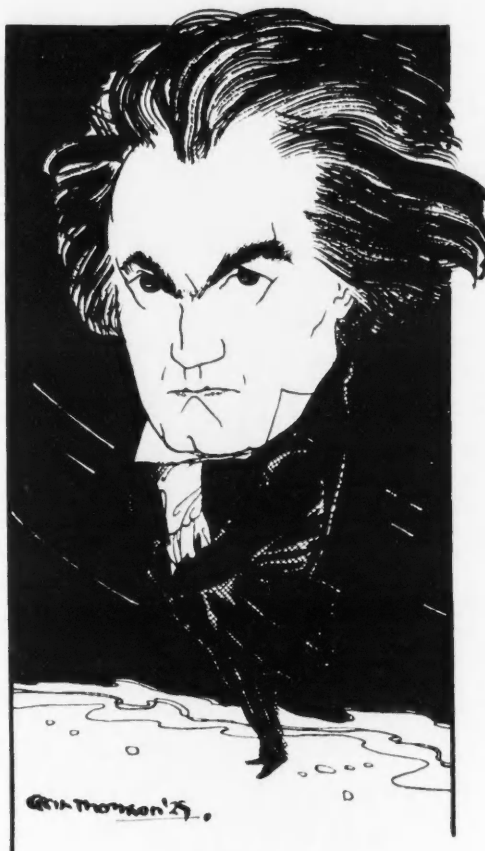
Again and again the author derides this idea of programme. Years after he had written the Fifth Symphony Beethoven is reported by his lickspittle, Schindler, as having said that the theme of the first movement: "Thus fate knocks at the door." Schauffler sensibly reminds us that this Schindler was the eternal butt of his master's somewhat savage humor and that Beethoven's frequently expressed contempt for the music-literary person prompted him to thus describe a simple theme of four notes in such pompous fashion. Also he is reported as having said that the *Pastoral* Symphony was inspired by the song of yellowhammers, quails, nightingales and cuckoos to which he listened. Quite a feat for a man whose deafness rendered him incapable of hearing the song of any bird at all.

AS IS the case with most men who have studied any subject intensively over a period of years Mr. Schauffler has evolved theories which seem to this reviewer too ingenious to be sound.

He devotes several chapters, and hundreds of paragraphs to explaining his theory of what he calls Beethoven's "Germ-Motives" and his "Source-Motives." The meaning of the first term is apparent enough. Beethoven endeavored to link the movements of his sonatas and symphonies with themes which bore a strong family likeness. There can be no doubt whatever that in many instances he did. The likeness between the three movements of the *Sonata Pathétique*, for example, is palpable to even the most musically untrained ear. But Mr. Schauffler is not content with citing such transparent examples as this. He quotes Dr. Charles Wood—I knew him and know, also that he threw out the idea as a suggestion—as telling us that if we take the first two full measures of the Funeral March from the *Eroica*, undress them of their ornaments, revise their rhythm, and hum them backwards, we have the beginning of the Hero theme of the first movement. Now unless we have—which we haven't—Beethoven's own explicit assertion that this is the process by which the Funeral March theme was evolved I, for one, shall content myself by believing that Dr. Wood and Mr. Schauffler are indulging in a curious sort of musical analysis which has rendered them slightly mad.

But Mr. Schauffler contends that this unification of thematic material was responsible for the Wagnerian *leit-motif*. Ah well! Isn't it just possible that Wagner knew that the preludes and fugues of the well-known "Forty-eight" are intentionally alike in character and that as Beethoven so frequently abandoned any consideration of "Germ-Mo-

(Continued on Page 21)



BEETHOVEN

Drawing by Cecil Thompson, Toronto.

never abandoned wholly the formulae of his predecessors. In fact it must have occurred to thousands of music lovers that this creative giant seems wilfully to have enchained himself in the formalism of those who had wrought before him; that in view of the many important developments in sonata form, harmony and keyboard technique for which he was responsible it is surprising that he did not produce work more revolutionary, more direct and dramatic.

A READING of this book makes two things very clear: that Beethoven was greatly helped by the misfortunes of birth and the disease of deafness which so early overtook him. Beethoven's father was a drunken and cruel professional musician and Beethoven's youth was spent in squalor and misery. With what result? Beethoven early became a man of the utmost arrogance of temper, a man who despised those in authority, a persistent and fiery rebel. This attitude of mind is reflected in nearly all his music. Pedants fettered music with absurd rules of harmony; consequently Beethoven broke them with a kind of malicious fury — and music was hurled ahead in consequence.

Beethoven seems to have realized that the genius that was his entitled him to a place far above more ordinary mortals. So he flouted and insulted princes

facile tricks of the composer who, by reason of his heard acquaintance with his own writings, writes, more or less "effective" music.

Those who read musical criticism and comment will be only too well aware that regarding Beethoven there are two hosts arrayed against one another. One army declares vehemently that Beethoven was the last of the classicists, the other that he was the first of the romantics. Regarding this dispute Schauffler quotes Ernest: "One forgot, or ignored, the fact that true originality consists not in being different from others, but in being wholly in harmony with one's self," and Pope:

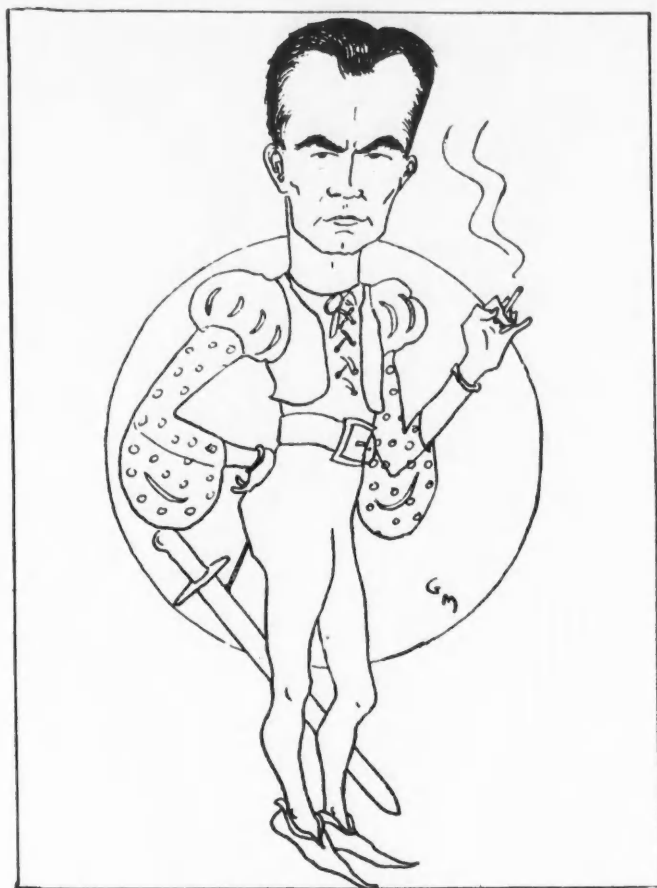
... the first by whom the new are tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

The author of "Beethoven" neatly answers the last quotation: "Their home is with truth somewhere near the golden mean."

This statement, it would seem, ought to silence both warring factions.

A book of this bulk and importance is difficult to review adequately. One would like to expand this matter of Beethoven's classic-romantic quality at some length; one would like to quote the author much more extensively; one would, especially, like to reproduce many of the musical examples which he offers. But one must hurry ahead.



JAMES BRANCH CABELL
Caricature by Gene Markey.

CABELL GROWS TIRED

BY PELHAM EDGAR

"THE WAY OF ECHEN," by James Branch Cabell; Robert M. McBride & Co.—George J. McLeod, Toronto; price \$2.00.

WHEN an author tells us frankly that he is written out it is only courteous for the reader to admit that the vein is pinching with depth and yields a low-grade ore that no longer tempts the speculating public. We have no desire to depreciate his market. He thought he had an honest mine, but he had sunk his shaft in the treacherous fairy soil of Poictesme, and after working it with some small profit discovered in the end that his title-deeds were defective. It was indeed strange ore that he brought to the surface,—goblin gold that dazzles only to deceive and is imponderable as mist. He tells us now that his prospecting days are over, and if I may interrupt a metaphor which was becoming more embarrassing the longer it lasted these are the frank words of his confession:

"For, after forty-five or thereabouts, it is inevitable that a writer should cease to develop as a writer, just as he ceases to develop as a mammal. No one of his faculties, whatsoever else may happen to them, can improve after that all-arresting date. Some few — though not many authors, it more or less explicitly appears, — begin to fail earlier. But the average writer has reached his peak at, to my finding, forty; and, with favouring luck, with all that he has learned of technique to counter balance perhaps lessened exuberance in creative power, he may retain that peak for some years. Yet this retention profits him little. He has nothing new to give; and you may look henceforward to get from him no surprises."

Has then the creative writer of forty "nothing new to give." Must he strike the same note with wearisome reiteration and diminishing tone, with never the chance of discovering fresh chords on the keyboard? I think Mr. Cabell allows his own misgivings too wide a

range. After some faltering and imitative first efforts in a type of romanticism that was fast losing its vogue he discovered the true direction of his talent. Since then he has given us one book of many names, and if he now refuses to rewrite that one book with a different title we must respect his scruples. Upon the path of myth and allegory there is certainly no such renewal possible as offers itself to the writer who works directly on the material which life with its endless variety affords. A stauncher realist nourishes his imagination from more enduring sources. He need fear neither enfeeblement nor repetitive monotony, and saving for the fact that the edge of his ambition is dulled the years that follow forty should yield him his richest harvest.

"The Way of Echen" is a tired book. Freshness has forsaken his symbols which no longer produce the imaginative surprise that reconciled us to the inconsequence of his earlier invention. We faintly recognize one of the older themes. Horvendile and Ettarre serve to remind us of the defeated rapture of the artistic quest, but nothing gives more than a faint suggestion of the mannered beauty of Horvendile's earlier apostrophe to Ettarre which we find in "The Cream of the Jest." It is a kind of writing that lapsed with Pater, but Cabell has the courage to be unfashionable in an age that does not habitually translate its exuberance into words.

"Assuredly it was you of whom blind Homer dreamed, comforting endless night with visions of your beauty, as you sat in a bright, fragrant, vaulted chamber weaving at a mighty loom, and embroidering on tapestry the battles men were waging about Troy because of your beauty; and very certainly it was to you that Hermes came over fields of violets and parsley, where you sang magic rhymes, sheltered by an island cavern, in which cedar and citron-wood were burning—and, calling

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THE PET POET

BY MARGARET ISABEL LAWRENCE

IT WOULD be in its way a most charitable thing if someone would explain through the medium of some public press which everyone can read why it is that poets can stand upon platforms and in the far ends of drawing rooms, or even in the lamp corners of little parlour studios, and recite their poetry. If any, even prominent journalist were to take hold of one of the aforementioned positions in society and were to read a paragraph or so of last month's, or the previous week's or even yesterday's journalistic output, people would say it was outrageous. Such egotists, these persons of the press. And for all of that, it is quite possible that the paragraphs in their writing received all the creative care that the poems were given. It is a sorry business. If you happen to belong to some part of the press, or even to the edge of it, there is only one comfortable thing to remember—that you hardly need the compensation of reading aloud—for an editor is willing to pay you for your work, and few editors will do that for a poet. That ought to be some recompense.

Now, this is being nasty. The more so as I cannot write a poem, and have known times when I should like to have been a poet. So, it is altogether likely, that my remarks can be explained by a deep seated artistic jealousy which no amount of properly applied psychology would be able to correct.

That is admission enough. It takes me a jump ahead of what will be said by the poets when they come to reading this, if ever an editor thinks it would be enlivening to have a little candor as well as a lot of discretion in his pages. But there are other admissions, and while they may turn to be far more than enough, they ought to be laid down—just for the sake of extra mercy. I like the poets. Some people feel so strongly about this habit poets have of reading everywhere that they will not go where poets are likely to be. That is very foolish. Poets have often turned out to be people of inevitable charm, and there is always a chance that they will not have any of their poems with them. Now, having, as I said, a taste for poets, Canada is an excellent place to live. For there are plenty of poets in Canada, and moreover, there is every likelihood of there continuing to be plenty of poets in Canada. For there is a society which encourages them individually, and there is another society or two which honours them as authors and looks after their publicity, even going so far as to link the cause of their well-being with the cause of national existence. It is not such a bad idea either. Because you can put into verse and sing, if necessary, some glamorous sentiments about the place where you live which would not look well in prose, and certainly would be funny in conversation. But, to get back to the admissions. I like poets, and therefore am glad to be living in Canada. Not only are there plenty of poets in the country, but also all the poets who leave it come back periodically and add their imminence to what is already here. Not that the other poets enjoy that. They do not like even the dead to come back to Canada. No, not even for one lovely evening of unmitigated appreciation in Canada do they want the dead to come back. It will even be that on such occasions, or the morning after, when the gentle dead come back, it will happen that the trained band of followers of some poet in Canada will rise, and with fixed fanatical stare, and with murmurous poignant utterance, declare—*There is one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet.*

And what can any poet say who is dead? And what should any poet say who is not Mahomet? And what might God say?

WHICH brings me to the end of all admissions, and to the straight accusation that poets take themselves far too seriously in this country of Canada. Worse than that, their friends take them far too seriously. Worse even than that, both of them, poets and their

friends, take the business of writing in verse with a seriousness which is in the nature of the sum of human experience upon this earth entirely unwarranted. Poetry is a natural inclination in the race when the spirit is ecstatic with joy, or when it is feeling its way to some place of peace in the times of grief. That some persons among the race express the inclination superbly is fortunate for the rest of us who cannot. But we shall know by some profound instinct when we have found superb expression. We do not need to be told. If we needed to be told poetry would have no mission for us. It would have no effect. To be able to write poetry is no more to the particular poet's credit than it is for him, or for her, to have fine hair, or lovely contours, or clear eyes. It is a result of many hereditary, and environmental, and racial forces. And possibly, if the mystics be right, of the long desire of the soul. One person puts his feeling into verse. Another into any work that happens to be at hand to be done, or that has to be done in order to have enough money to be comfortable. Why make such a difference?

If anything be said about spiritual revelation, and the poets usually have a good deal to say about that, it may be asked how there can be any certainty in this matter of revelation. No one can know what God's technique is. No one can say that He tells poets more than He tells housekeepers, or merchants, or farmers. It is well that we have poets to remind us that God does speak, but surely it is not, to say the least, very wise, to be claiming too much about the way He does speak. After all, as one poet did acknowledge, there are many ways.

This may be drawn rather far. Upon ordinary occasions I would say, before anyone else could say it, that it is. But after an event like Canadian Book Week I refuse to do that. Canadian Book Week is, to be sure, a commercial enterprise. It gives the authors a chance to direct their own publicity. It is a malleable opportunity. It depends upon the authors concerned as to whether or not it be intellectually justified. Unfortunately, the idea, while commercially sound, is intellectually out of date. As things are with our world-to-day there can be no strong interest in national literary movements within the nations concerned. Reading is world wide. To push for an increase of interest in the works of our own people is to waste energy. More than that it is pushing against the etheric currents, which is sad for the people who do it. People who read are by the law of growth called curiosity bound to show keener interest in what they do not know than in what is around them in their own vicinity. It would be interesting, for example, to know how the response within Ireland to the Dublin Renaissance compared with the surprise and the discussion it aroused in other countries. George Moore had something to say about that. He said there was very little response at all. And why should there have been. The Irish had seen quite enough of their peasant existence, and were not inclined to be emotional over its glamour. It is artistically necessary for authors to write about the country they know. So Canadian authors will have to write about Canada. And why should they not? It is full of the material of life. And if they write well enough they will have their audience. But they will not get it by these publicity efforts in their own country. It is not the way the current is going. And, when it comes to poetry, not only is it a waste effort, but also, in a sense, artistically dangerous. It violates the creative sensitivity of the poet. If we had psychic penetration we probably could see the disintegration of the poetic quality in an individual when he or she gets into an excited and massed attempt to put it across to the public. Not that there is anything foreign to poetry in the platform. That is how people heard poetry first. But then it was the reading of the poem itself that counted.

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THE ENGLAND BEHIND THE NEWS

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

"THE GOOD COMPANIONS," by J. B. Priestley; Mussion Book Co., Toronto; 649 pages; price \$3.

"SKETCH OF A SINNER," by Frank Swinnerton; Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; 319 pages; Toronto; price \$2.

"TRYPHENA," by Eden Philpotts; the Macmillan Co., Toronto; 392 pages; price \$2.50.

TAKEN together the three novels named above present an extraordinarily varied picture by discerning and sensitive interpreters of contemporary English life as it is lived by the unnamed millions of the land; a picture of a nation in many aspects entirely different from the great imperial England which contributes so much to the news and pageantry of world affairs. Each in its way is what Zola called "a slice of life" and in the case of the first named novel a very large slice indeed.

It requires no ordinary degree of courage in a novelist of the present day to write a tale as long as the masterpieces of great Victorians but Mr. Priestley has justified his audacity by making every one of the 649 pages of "The Good Companions" pregnant with life and character. Mr. Priestley's previous contributions to fiction have been few and he is better known by the eleven volumes which represent his activities as an essayist and critic including his book on "The English Novel" and his admirable monographs on George Meredith and Thomas Love Peacock in the "Englishmen of Letters" series. In "The Good Companions" he proves that the critic turned novelist can spin a yarn with the gusto and humor seldom encountered among interpreters of contemporary English life.

Mr. Priestley's admiration for Dickens and the likeness of this novel to early works like "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby" (allowing for a changed world) are of course apparent. But the roots of "The Good Companions" go back farther, almost three centuries in fact, to the "Roman Comedie" of Paul Scarron, sometimes known as "The Strolling Players" and published in 1651. Just as Scarron used the adventures of a troupe of wandering and impoverished actors, as a means of showing many sides of the life of France in the 17th century, Mr. Priestley has utilized the experiences of a "concert party" or "pierrôt troupe" to reveal many phases of life in the smaller provincial towns of England at the present time.

Interest does not centre merely on the fortunes of the troupers, but rather on three curiously assorted runaways from other walks of life, whose impulse to get away from the drab realities of existence leads them to throw in their lot for a season with these hand-to-mouth wanderers. They are a stolid and sterling Yorkshire carpenter, Jess Oakroyd, of Huddersfield (thinly disguised as Braddersford); an irresponsible Cambridge graduate with a gift for light musical composition who has found life as a schoolmaster unendurable; and a gracious woman of 35, Miss Trant, who seeks release from the repressions of her existence as the foremost aristocrat of the idyllic village in which she has been reared. Not the least interesting part of the book are the early chapters which deal with the adventures of this trio after they have separately "taken to the road" while unknown to each other; their desires are converging on the point which is to make them companions of a stranded "concert party." In these chapters Mr. Priestley shows that the old corners of England still offer opportunities for unique experiences.

Mr. Priestley's most remarkable quality is his gift of sure, sympathetic and humorous characterization, in which he is unsurpassed among contemporary novelists. There must be something like 150 characters, principal and episodic, in this book and everyone lives graciously and vividly. Sometimes it takes Mr. Priestley less than a paragraph to accomplish this magic feat of creation. And just as he is a master in delineating individuals he is equally so in summarizing the life and individuality of towns. There is one descriptive page

in which he summarizes the manifold interests of an audience which has assembled in the "Hippodrome" at Gatford (probably Coventry) that is a superb literary *tour de force*. And he comes near to tragedy in the expertness with which he limns a dying industrial town with everyone on the dole, which he calls Tewborough. Obviously he knows the whole fabric of British theatrical life in its most intimate details. While the tone of his book is that of buoyant and jocund humor there is often an undercurrent of dignified pathos as in the death of the hard,

optimism,—for he rewards the good and punishes the bad, who by the way are not numerous in his pages.

That fastidious literary artist, Frank Swinnerton, who like Mr. Priestley is also a distinguished critic, would certainly be appalled at the "jacket" which enshrouds his latest tale, "Sketch of a Sinner," in the edition before us. The smart young flapper in modernist garb who appears thereon is about as far removed from Lydia Rowe, his heroine, a young wife leading a dull, repressed life in a dusty antique shop in Camden Town, as two females com-

paratively negative being because she is crushed by circumstance; unconsciously lovely but shadowed by drear and dowdy surroundings; very intelligent but with no instinct for such opportunities for culture as come her way; intensely introspective but quite unsophisticated.

Mr. Swinnerton is a disciple of George Gissing and in no work of his is the Gissing atmosphere and the Gissing pessimism more eternally present. But he also goes in for that type of lengthy, super-subtle analysis which came into world-literature with the novels of Fyodor Dostievsky, and the Dostievskyan analysis is apt to become wearisome when applied to so small a canvas as this "Sketch of a Sinner." Anyone who purchases the book in the hope of perusing a flaming tale of sexual emotion will be sorely disappointed. Surely no heroine in fiction was more unhappy in the men who loved her and whom she loved than poor Lydia,—the hypochondriac husband, double her age, for whom she felt a motherly affection; the dying super-sensitive young aesthete who came to the shop in search of curios, and appended to that thwarted instinct of motherhood; and the strong individualist with whom she was willing to seek a larger life but who was snatched from her by death just as her dream was coming true. The greater part of the book is made up of a presentation of Lydia's thoughts, for in her lonely life she has little to do but think. Frankly one gets a little tired of them although Mr. Swinnerton has a mind and style which adorn any subject he deals with. Though his method is rigidly impersonal he is not without humor and once in a while sounds a protest as when he speaks of "the futile ugliness of plus-fours."

MR. PRIESTLEY takes us through the industrial towns of England. Mr. Swinnerton holds us riveted to the drabdest districts of London, but with Mr. Philpotts as usual we are in a freer and more exhilarating part of the motherland, among Devonshire mill streams and orchards, and hayfields overlooking the waves of the English channel. His latest novel, "Tryphena," abounds in exquisite pen pictures which recall the landscapes of Yeend King and Lamona Birch; and he delineates *con amore* hearty wholesome folk, who he assures us still speak and think like the English yeomanry of Tudor times. His tale has a very old fashioned plot, as old indeed as that of "The Winter's Tale," but it is so realistically treated that it seems natural and probable. Tryphena is a founding brought up in a Devon farmstead, who turns out to be the child of an unhappy aristocrat, separated from her mother by villainy.

Tryphena is indeed so delightful a maiden that she might be Perdita of "The Winter's Tale" transferred across the centuries into an era of motor cars and war memories. The problem surrounding her however once her parentage is discovered is quite different from that conceived by poets and novelists of other days. It is how a self-willed girl in love with the common things of her native soil shall be turned into an aristocrat, and wooed away from the commonplace young blacksmith who is her sweetheart. The breach is accomplished but her Florizel is no prince but a thoughtful and dreaming young farmer, her companion from childhood and always in reality "her own true love." It is a sweet and thoughtful story, although as in the case of Mr. Swinnerton there is too much wire-drawn analysis unlike the swift method of Mr. Priestley.

In this book too we learn of how much the thought of immigration affects families and communities. One young village couple find opportunity in Canada, and some of us realize Mr. Philpotts' pawky humor in the following reference to a letter home:

"The talk puzzles 'em seemingly," said Mrs. Bamfield. "The folks have a different speech from us and a different language almost. However you'll see Jane's falling into it very clever. At the end of her letters she says now she must 'call it a day,' and stop. When they say 'call it a day,' Tryphena, that means, I reckon, that they're going to bed."



JACKET DESIGN FOR "THE GOOD COMPANIONS"

impassive Yorkshire woman, Mrs. Oakroyd, and the longing of her renegade husband to see his daughter, exiled at "Pittford Falls, Ontario." Oakroyd is indeed the most profoundly studied character in the book and in the end his wanderings lead him to Canada. In this as in other recent English novels we get an inkling of a phase of immigration seldom considered in this country,—a sense of what partings for years and often forever mean to the older generation which sends its children overseas.

It should be added that in addition to the Victorian buoyancy in narrative Mr. Priestley reveals the Victorian

ceivably could be. Fine and sure as is Mr. Swinnerton's literary touch, profound and sympathetic as is his knowledge of human nature his novel though but half the length of "The Good Companions" seems longer. I can imagine also that the novelist would utter imprecations sounding to high Heaven on reading a subtitle which the designers of the "jacket" have invented:—"the story of a woman's strength and frailty." His Lydia though remarkably endowed with charm and with qualities of character that deserve for her better opportunities in life is neither strong nor frail. That indeed is the point of this character study. She remains a

THE VICTOR

By ARTHUR STRINGER

The man I hated,
As he hated me,
Lies dead to-day.
Mine enemy of old has gone,
And I remain.
That means the steel is sheathed,
The life-long battle ends,
The rancor falls away.
No more shall his black scorn
Shadow my tumbled dreams.
No more, from those cold lips,
Shall fall the flippant sneer,
The hot words pebbled with fire,

He died, they tell me, died last night;
And I—I should be glad
That he no longer harries me
And sours my life with hate,
Yet I, the victor, who should hold the
field,
Sit numbed with a new defeat.
For he, forlornly valorous,
He, triumphant to the last,
Has fared into a far country
Where I ere-while must go,
Must go with a whisper on my lips,
Gropingly, us'nding of the Dark
If any friend dwell there.

Through Magic Casements

We gaze into other lands, other lives in the realm of books. Let them be good books, books that we are proud to own and prouder to give. The gift of an interesting book is a compliment. Let us pay our compliments graciously by selecting our books thoughtfully and intelligently where devotees of fine books go . . . in Eaton's Book Department. There you will find a variety wide enough to include every age and every taste. We are suggesting only a few here, but advise you to browse around leisurely as you wish in this home of many volumes and discover for yourselves the treasures on its shelves.

New Outstanding Books

Yearbook of the Arts in Canada 1928-29

Edited by Bertram Brooker, and review section contributed to by Carroll Aikins, Eric Arthur, Marius Barbeau, Augustus Bridle, William Arthur Deacon, Merrill Dennison, Pelham Edgar, Emanuel Hahn, Fred S. Haines, Frederick B. Housser, Campbell McInnes, Arthur Lismer, \$5.00

July '14 by Emil Ludwig, \$3.50

An honest attempt by a brilliant writer to deal with the absorbing question of who was really responsible for the World War.

The Life of Lady Byron

. by Ethel Colburn Mayne, \$6.25

"One of the most fascinating and important biographies which have appeared for a long time" (Leonard Woolf in The Nation).

The Universe Around Us

. by Sir James Jeans, \$3.75

A brief account written in simple language of the methods and results of modern astronomical research.

The Outline of History . . . by H. G. Wells, \$1.25

Complete and unabridged edition, containing all maps, charts, illustrations, diagrams, etc.

New Fiction

Hans Frost by Hugh Walpole, \$2.00
The Good Companions by J. B. Priestley, \$3.00
Fighting Caravans by Zane Grey, \$2.00
All Quiet on the Western Front by E. M. Remarque, \$2.00
Siberian Garrisons by Rodion Markovits, \$2.50
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The Glenlitten Murder by E. Phillips Oppenheim, \$2.00
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The White Monkey by John Galsworthy
Powa by Lion Feuchtwanger
William by E. H. Young
Wintersmoon by Hugh Walpole
The Old Ladies by Hugh Walpole
Thunder on the Left by Christopher Morley
Sorrell and Son by Warwick Deeping
Kitty by Warwick Deeping
The Key Above the Door by Maurice Walsh
Hounds of God by Sabatini

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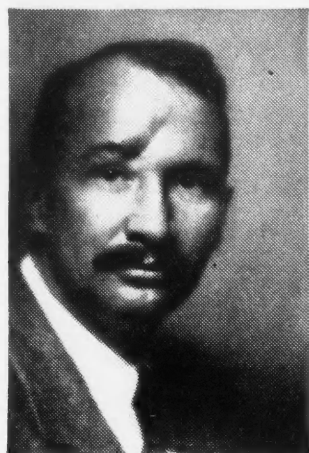
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Philosophy and Life

"THE MEANING OF CULTURE," by John Cowper Powys; Norton, George J. McLeod, Toronto; 275 pages.

By E. J. PRATT

CULTURE, as here understood, is a disciplined habit of mind, a spiritual eclecticism, with perfect powers of assimilation. Every great exponent of it is led by Powys into his Temple, and surveyed and criticised by a process as exclusive as it is generous. Stoic and epicurean, barbarian and civilised, pagan and Christian, Bacchanal and ascetic, expound and perform. "To know the best and make it prevail" is the principle of the treatment. The style, the tissue, however, has little of the diaphanous quality of Arnold; it is far richer, more heavily brocaded. Powys sends us back over his chapters to extract meanings, elusive at the first glance.

The general scope of the work is, first, to make a systematic analysis of culture in its relation to philosophy, literature and the other arts; and, secondly, to show its practical application to the ordering of life. Theoretically, culture is a mental attitude comprehensive enough to find room for superstitions as old as the race, and for the last postulate put forth by the most rationalised intelligence. It combines "extreme reverence with limitless skepticism." It will allow no dogmatic finality, no contempt of the past, no acceptance of modern catchwords. Its attitude to philosophy is to treat ancient systems as contemporary. "Is it not to recognize them as equally true; but, like poetry and painting, representing this truth through endless variations of imaginative reason?" It rather implies the possession of an alert selective faculty which, admitting the vast complexity of the universe, assimilates both fact and mystery with equal confidence. "The blunt, brutal, downright realism, so popular at the moment, is not one bit more close to Nature than the sentimental rhetoric or the dignified reticence of those habits of behaviour and expression from which it is a violent reaction. Reality is a thousand times more subtle and complicated, more labyrinthine in its retreats and evasions, than the dream-world of the most recondite idealist. It is also a thousand times more stark and bleak than the crudities of the most ferocious realists. It is both these, because it is the Protean offspring of the psychic embraces of every sensibility that exists with the original plastic life-stuff."

The connection between culture and religion is set forth as an eloquent expansion of the idea in Culture and Anarchy. It is broader than religion, and may in due time supersede it. The discussion, however, is so qualified that it is religion in its particularised expressions which is taken for comparison. Should a religion be evolved that might satisfy the Oriental and Western ways of thinking and feeling, there should be no need to contend for this culture-thesis. But at present, it is claimed, there is no final religion which has succeeded in producing a free spirit: "In the deepest sense; free, that is to say, from the fanaticisms of religion, from the fanaticisms of science, and from the fanaticisms of the mob." The only martyrdom that culture could ever conceive would be a martyrdom for the guilt of pleading "that it is unpardonable to persecute any opinion." The lofty issues to which religion in its manifold forms is dedicated could be appropriated by culture without the bigotry and intolerance which go with organised propaganda. Powys, in the development of this theme, ranges himself by the side of the Intuitionist who makes his own mind the abode either of heaven or hell.

This is really the starting point for the penetrating discussion in the second part of the book—the application of culture to life. Culture aims at the supremacy of the will in which fear, worry and irritability have no place. It never passes into submission where the head becomes bowed under calamity. Merely to accept life at its face-value is a disease. By the imagination it is possible to recreate reality in accordance with the will. Happiness comes pre-eminently from contemplation, in which the highest ecstasy may be attained, an ecstasy which has no kin-



JOHN COWPER POWYS

ship with Oriental renunciation. The stuff of culture is woven out of the world's concrete happenings, its sensations and images, its loves and passions, its calms and storms, where, every new day, "liberty, to use Goethe's phrase, is won afresh." Such culture is available through the proper discipline, to the followers alike of Epicurus and Marcus Aurelius.

The gist of the volume is to be found in the noble summary of the argument in Culture and Destiny. "Culture, as some of us have come to understand it, does not take up any dogmatic attitude with regard to the existence, or the non-existence, of God or of the gods. It recognizes irrational hopes and fears. It takes account of many rumours caught on passing winds, of many voices heard in solitary places, of many reef-bells over strange waters. It allows for queer second-thoughts and for startling, mysterious intimations that escape all logical capture. . . . In the midst of the turbulence of modern life it offers a calm refuge, a patient, sceptical but not cynical standing-ground, from which we can survey the track of our journey through the years without too much self-abasement and without too many regrets."

Woman's Place

"A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN," by Virginia Woolf; Harcourt Brace and Co., Toronto; 199 pages; price \$2.00.

By C. C. MACKAY

HERE we have the fascinating Mrs. Woolf discussing the question of women and fiction, and in doing so, the whole question of women's place and independence. The book is an expansion of two lectures given at Newnham and at Girton in 1928. It is a fascinating discussion of the problem and moves forward with an irresistible rhythm from first page to the last.

The title, rather an odd one for a book of this character, is explained by the statement at the beginning, "A woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction." This leads naturally into a consideration of woman's position to-day and in the past. In order to place herself entirely at her ease, and to give her arguments greater force, Mrs. Woolf first imagines herself into another person, Mary Beton, and into a set of incidents, at Oxbridge and in London, later in Shakespeare's England, and in Charlotte Brontë's. Her extraordinary sensitiveness, her penetration into the significance of small everyday occurrences are thus brought to the support of her very just thinking. Her ideas are given flesh and solidity as they are presented.

By means of her fiction, we are first shown Mary Beton seized by an inspiration for the essay she is planning, and in her enthusiasm walking on the grass at Oxbridge—but the lawns at Oxbridge are reserved for Fellows and Scholars, and she is shooed off so hastily, that in her amazement her train of thought is disturbed. We then follow her thoughts as she comes to the question of Thackeray's style; she wishes to examine his manuscripts in the library at Oxbridge, to solve for herself certain problems, to make a contribution to scholarship. She mounts the steps of the library—and is turned back because she is a woman and may not enter the library at Oxbridge unless accompanied by a Fellow of the College.

Now with her we lunch at one of the Colleges, and have before us the

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beautiful old building endowed by generations of wealthy men, nobles and merchants, and we enjoy the excellent lunch and the excellent wine. "And thus by degrees was lit, halfway down the spine, which is the seat of the soul, not that hard little electric light which we call brilliance, as it pops in and out upon our lips, but the more profound, subtle and subterranean glow, which is the rich yellow flame of rational intercourse." Then follows the dinner at Fernham, the women's College, on beef and cabbage, and a jug of water, in a bare dining room in a poor and ugly building, and we, like Mary Beton ask ourselves — "Why are women poor?" realizing that here is the great problem we have to face. For has not Quiller-Couch, whom she quotes on page 188, stated that "A poor child in England has little more hope than had the son of an Athenian slave to be emancipated into that intellectual freedom of which great writings are born." Mrs. Woolf sums it up: "Intellectual freedom depends upon material things. Poetry depends upon intellectual freedom. And women have always been poor, not for two hundred years merely, but from the beginning of time."

Not only is woman poor, but she has had to meet hostile discouragement whenever she has attempted writing, and continues to meet it even to-day. It is no use, says Mrs. Woolf, saying this does not matter to a great poet. It is exactly what does matter to him. Even indifference could break the heart of Keats. But women had more that indifference to face. "Her mind must have been strained and her vitality lowered by the need of opposing this, of disproving that." "Any woman born with a great gift in the sixteenth century would certainly have gone crazed, shot herself, or ended her days in some lonely cottage outside the village, half witch, half wizard, feared and mocked at." Even after the time of Mrs. Behn when women could at last support themselves by writing, even though disapproved of, we find their productions marred by their reaction to opposition. Charlotte Bronte, because of the breadth of her talent is filled with a bitterness that warps her writing by the fetters placed on her. Only Jane Austen can be compared to Shakespeare in the matter of "incandescent writing" because her talent and her circumstances were matched. She also had the wisdom to write not like a man—the great fault of George Eliot,—but to create her own woman's style. And perhaps Jane Austen's career explains to us the reason for the lack of poetry by women. Her novels were written in the family living-room in the bustle of household affairs. For poetry, one must have "a room of one's own."

Meanwhile, we discover that with women's growing independence is an enormous and ever growing body of literature written about women by men of all kinds "who have no apparent qualification save that they are not women." When we attempt to read any of the books, we discover that they have only one thing in common, a note of anger. Mrs. Woolf comes to the conclusion that the reason for this anger is not that they are so convinced that women should be inferior, as that they are anxious to feel themselves superior, and woman has always been a convenient yardstick to measure themselves with, "looking-glasses . . . reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size." The result is that men are taking on the fault that women are ridding themselves of. When she looks at contemporary fiction, Mrs. Woolf sees that the literature by women, while it still has many weaknesses — notably the lack of a sufficiently long tradition of feminine style, — is free at least from the self-consciousness and bitterness that mars Charlotte Bronte, the attempted masculinity of George Eliot; but in men's writing the virility has now become self-conscious. She takes up Coleridge's idea of the androgynous mind, and concludes that while women are getting the male part of their mind into action, on the other hand "neither Mr. Galsworthy nor Mr. Kipling has a spark of the woman in him. Thus all their qualities seem to a woman crude and immature."

The woman writer, concludes Mrs. Woolf, will be a poet in a hundred years, but only if women take advantage of the opportunities they now have. In the past they have had the excuse of poverty. Now they have no excuse—even though, we might add, it is men who continue to underpay them,



VIRGINIA WOOLF

so they must have two full time professions to earn a living, and then condemn them as not having enough energy for either. The last war has set women free and she must now make her own future.

A Naturalistic Cosmos

"GOD," by J. Middleton Murry; Cape-Nelson, Toronto; 317 pages; \$3.00.

By T. D. RIMMER

MR. MURRY has brought to this hypothesis an intense subjectivity. He postulates a belief that is neither new or novel—a faith that has had as prophets creative artists in almost every generation. Yet with all its re-statement there is much that is personal and illuminating.

He has defined Jesus in a previous book. In this present book, he still denies His divinity and places Him as a new species of the genus *homo*. From that Mr. Murry launches into an exposition of his creed of metabiology which embraces the internal and external faculties of man.

Jesus is regarded as the variation from the norm, who foreshadows a new race, a race which seems to me but a sweeter and more gentle representation of the Nietzschean superman. In this new race or, rather, variation, mind and heart are brought into orientation with the universe.

There is a weakness in this hypothesis. Twenty centuries have failed to improve on this variation of the norm. Generation has succeeded generation, curtain after curtain has risen and fallen on successive creative artists, and none have approached the stature of Jesus. It is as if His genius had been broken or disintegrated and a fragment given to each generation. Shakespeare, Dante, Abelard, Goethe, Milton, Blake, Nietzsche, Keats, Thompson—these and many others seem but facets of the genius that was Jesus. In this mystical relationship may lie the reason why creative artists are obsessed by the figure of Jesus. From His life something has emanated, something which reaches through the centuries and strikes a dissonance in the souls of those to whom the supernatural concept of Jesus is impossible yet who cannot turn aside from the pathos and utter negation of the cross. But the parallel drawn by Mr. Murry between Keats and Jesus must be distant—the one a nympholept with one imperishable gift, the other the sum of all gifts. The relationship could only be that of the moon to its reflection in the waters.

In this book the position is taken that mystical experience lies outside Christianity and can be reduced to naturalism—that Jesus and his followers merely interpreted their experiences in the terms then used and that it is imperative that the modern mind formulate its experiences in the terms of science—science which, gathering together biology and psychology, marches onwards to metabiology. The mystic, who after protracted contemplation or, as Mr. Murry states it, discord between mind and heart, suddenly receives a revelation, is certainly in unity with God. But God is in reality the universe and the mystic has really succeeded in attaining a metabiological ecstasy. Thus Paul, Stephen, Catherine of Siena, Francis of Assisi, together with all the mystics and the man who carried the cross, who was called Simon, crossed a shining bridge which led, not to Heaven, but to metabiology.

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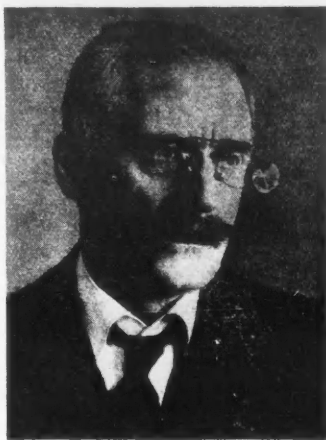
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devoted to the further exposition and application of Mr. Murry's creed which, like that of Paul, sprang from a mystical experience and has given birth to three remarkable books if not to a new religion. But sufficient has been cited, I think, to show the trend of the book.

Mr. Murry's hypothesis may shock the intolerant. It will not shock those who see life whole. Myself, I think it is in a sense a literary reaction to forms and beliefs to which Mr. Murry cannot as yet subscribe. But as in his *Life of Jesus*, although many may hesitate to follow his pointing finger, his conception of the ideal state is based on verity. Whether we call the cosmic principle God or Universe, if unity with it is achieved the rest can safely be left to the time when the mourners go about the streets. What Mr. Murry has written has been stated before in other terms and by other writers and thinkers. But his book crystallizes an aspect



KNUT HAMSUM

of the modern temper. It is a peculiarly personal experience that in its up-reaching has grasped many essential truths and will stand, I believe, as a vital summation of a faith that has had many adherents.

Bloody But Unbowed

"CHAPTER THE LAST," by Knut Hamsun; Knopf, Longmans, Green, Toronto; 378 pages; \$3.

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE Norwegian version of "Chapter the Last" appeared in 1923, so that, while not the most recent of its author's works, it is nevertheless a product of his mature and most ripened period. We are by now fairly familiar with the technique of bare and rigid understatement of events, as in a narrative by a most casual observer, which is Hamsun's characteristic method, and which relies for its indubitably powerful effect wholly upon the selection and collocation of the events themselves; and the present novel, while an excellent example and notable for the range of characters which it exhibits in conditions of violent stress, will not add anything to our knowledge of the author's art. It is not a "Growth of the Soil" nor a "Hunger"; but it will probably rank with any other work of Hamsun's outside of those two. It is very well translated, like most of Knopf's issues, and its characters and atmosphere are not so intensely Norwegian as to be odd or difficult for Canadian readers.

The action takes place in a mountain sanatorium and an adjacent mountain farm, and the characters are all patients except the farmer and one or two of the sanatorium staff and proprietors. This device gives the author a group of people with whom life has on the whole dealt rather savagely, and his interest is in the varying ways in which they "stand up" to it. Mr. Hamsun has no admiration for the merely "respectable" persons, like Rector Oliver the school principal, who take no chances and make no fight for the right to fuller self-development, and devote all their energies to keeping out of the wind of trouble. His heroes are the people who get into trouble. The big personage of this book is a Finnish bank officer who, finding himself attacked by tuberculosis, absconds with a large sum of the bank's funds and comes to the sanatorium representing himself as a Count. We are told nothing of his past, practically nothing of his crime; we see the courage with which he fights his disease, with which he surrenders to his passion for a woman whom he meets at the sanatorium, with which he faces arrest, and with which he eventually goes to meet death at the hands of the woman's other lover, and we join Hamsun in admiring him as one whose "head is bloody but unbowed." The next important character is a man in an advanced state of mental depression who makes no bones about his intention of committing suicide; his wife has mis-conducted herself with his friend; he cannot tolerate the thought of her, and he cannot do without her. At the close of the book she repents and seeks forgiveness; the "Suicide" is deliciously happy, but by an accident to which he

himself contributes she is that night burned to death; the book ends with our sight of him striding down towards the railway station to resume his life as a responsible human being with a little daughter to bring up. These are only two of the many individuals who in these scant four hundred pages fall under the utmost castigation of fate, but have sufficient wit and character to "take their lessons from life" and save alive their "unconquerable soul."

One regrets to have to record that none of these heroes would have any chance at all in a Sunday School book. They are all thieves, adulterers, murderers, swindlers, backbiters. Mr. Hamsun's view is that life and destiny have made them such, and that so long as they do not lose their courage and their ability to learn from what life does to them, they are worthy of our affectionate regard. He will never discourage us from crime, but he does much to encourage us to bear our sentence bravely.

Bluebeard's Child

"QUEEN ELIZABETH," by Katharine Anthony; Knopf, Longmans, Green, Toronto; 263 pages and illustrations; \$4.00.

By W. S. WALLACE

WHAT is the whole duty of a reviewer? It is, I think, divided—like Gaul—into three parts. A reviewer must describe fairly what the author of a book has tried to do; he must tell how far, in his opinion, the author has succeeded in what he has tried to do; and he must tell how far, in his opinion, this was worth while doing.

It is not difficult to describe what Miss Anthony has tried to do in her new biography of Queen Elizabeth, or how far she has succeeded in her task. There has been no attempt on her part to add to the sum of human knowledge about Elizabeth—to replace or supplant the many scholarly and erudite treatises on Elizabeth and her reign already in existence. Her aim has been rather to take the facts about Elizabeth, and to transmute them in the crucible of her imagination into a more human, more vivid, more interesting account of Elizabeth's life than had been written by anyone else—to do, in short, for Queen Elizabeth what Mr. Lytton Strachey did for—or rather to—Queen Victoria. It was bad luck that Mr. Strachey should—probably unbeknownst to Miss Anthony—have undertaken about the same time an essay on a part of Elizabeth's life, and in this way have to some extent blanketed her sails. But Miss Anthony was not to blame for this, nor should her book be dismissed as a work of supererogation simply because one of the masters of this new type of biography should have stolen a march on her.

I am not sure, in fact, that Miss Anthony's book suffers severely in comparison with *Elizabeth and Essex*. That astonishingly popular book had much to commend it. It was human, and vivid; and of an absorbing interest. It was also based on considerable research in original materials. But it was written by a man. Miss Anthony is a woman, and a woman who has specialized in feminine biography. Mr. Leonard Merrick's *The man who understood women* may exist in fiction; but it is not so certain that he exists in real life. In some matters Miss Anthony's insight is probably deeper than Mr. Strachey's. Whether her interpretation of the character of Elizabeth is in all details correct I do not presume to say; nor is it perhaps possible to arrive at finality in such a matter as the interpretation of character. But Miss Anthony's version of Queen Elizabeth's character is not unlikely to be as near the truth as that of Mr. Strachey; nor, to be frank, is her book less vivid and interesting than his. Her style is apt to be a little more hectic and staccato, her narrative a little less consecutive and logical. But on the whole she has done what she set out to do with great skill and insight; and the average reader will find her book extraordinarily interesting.

It is about the third question—whether what Miss Anthony has tried to do was worth while doing—that the present reviewer finds himself in difficulties. The number of books written out of other books is legion, and is increasing with alarming rapidity every year. This is especially true in the field of biography. To write a new biography

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many writers now consider it necessary only to work over the material in print, and to select such facts (whether well or ill attested) as will lend colour to an interpretation based on the new science of psycho-analysis. That such a procedure is dangerous must be obvious. In the hands of a master, especially of one who has made an exhaustive analysis of the original documents, it may yield striking and revolutionary results. But in the hands of a tyro, who has read only the secondary materials, it may result in piffle.

The trouble is that the absence of documentary references in a book of this sort leaves one in some doubt as to how much the author actually knows, either about history or psycho-analysis. I suspect that Miss Anthony's knowledge of England in the sixteenth century is not as profound or exhaustive as it might be. Her picture of Henry VIII—or "Bluebeard," as she calls him—suggests as much, as well as other details in her book. Nor am I sure of her grasp of the science of psycho-analysis. One may have the frankness of Mr. Havelock Ellis, and yet not understand the ins and outs of psychology.

High Comedy

"SINCERITY," by John Erskine; Bobbs-Merrill—McClelland & Stewart, Toronto; 356 pages; \$2.50.

By W. S. MILNE

IN THIS novel John Erskine has forsaken Helen, Galahad, Ulysses, and our first ancestors to give us a comedy of our own day, and delightful comedy it is too. The transition is not so great as it might seem, for Mr. Erskine used to handle his classical properties with fine carelessness, and the heroes and heroines of his costume pieces were more modern than their manners. Part of the fun of the whole thing was the continual deft contrast between setting and theme, and the classical or Biblical or mediaeval masquerade served merely to emphasize the fact that these human beings were very much like ourselves. For most readers, perhaps, his "Private Life of Helen of Troy" was merely a rather good joke on Homer, a de-bunking of old legend, a burlesque in the grand manner. Some discerning critics discovered that his Helen was a profound psychological study of the erotic female, but who cares about that? At any rate, what would a modern novel by John Erskine be like? Could he get along unaided by the fun derived from taking liberties with tradition?

As a matter of fact, there was no need to worry on that score. High comedy is high comedy, whether it wears the classic sock or the powdered periwig, or modern evening dress; it is the one literary form that is independent of period. Our concept of tragedy is very different from that of the Greeks, and there is a big gap between Ibsen and Shakespeare, but we still smile at all works which depict for us the frailties of humanity, their well-meaning blunders, their posturing absurdities, as long as they are presented to us in the light of the comic spirit. It is harder to write high comedy than high tragedy; it demands a greater intellectual effort.

I can give, then, no higher praise to Erskine's "Sincerity" than to say that it is a brilliant piece of high comedy; the ironic kindly mood of the Meredithian Comic Spirit illumines its every extravagance. The writer tells his story with neither praise nor blame, yet he never allows us to pity any of his puppets, or to disturb by intrusion of our own emotional sympathies the mood of mockery in which the whole is cast. He never says: "These men and women are ridiculous." He allows them to speak for themselves and say: "We are fine, noble, high-souled creatures, who meant well, and deserve pity and admiration" and he makes the reader chuckle and exclaim with Puck: "What fools these mortals be." That is the first reaction; then we begin to have an uncomfortable feeling that we have been looking in a mirror and smiling at our own follies.

Now as to the plot. Mr. Erskine has given us something new on the triangle theme! At the beginning of the story we find three people in a joint and amicable action to discover by legal process what share each has in certain joint investments. All three, Beauvel, Isabel and Mary are thoroughly charming, cultured people. Both the women are novelists, Isabel, married to Beau-

vel, has been travelling in Europe for ten years, while her friend, Mary, takes her place with her husband. At the end of that time, they apparently change places again, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Why? Thus far the first ten pages. Part two shows how the tangle occurred, ten years earlier. The third part deals with Isabel in Europe during the intervening time, and the fourth with Beauvel and Mary during the same period. The fifth and concluding movement of the symphony carries on the story from the return of the wife. The story of Isabel's reactions to Europe and the changes it — and Carl — effected in her literary efforts, is the high light of the book, I think, although the account of the Harrington Library board and the banned magazines is very nearly as entertaining. The episode of Elizabeth and the School Board goes deeper than is perhaps legitimate in comedy, for we cannot help taking Elizabeth's part, and a comedy should have no villains. The incidental satire on American ideals in literature and education and the relation of these ideals to real life is delightfully done. Altogether this book is that rare bird, an American novel that is intellectual without affectation or condescension, and witty without strain. Thoroughly adult entertainment, as the movie reviews say. It is probably the best thing the author has done since "Helen of Troy," and much more legitimately amusing.

She—"The world is full of rascals, this morning, the milkman, gave me a counterfeit half-dollar."

He—"Where is it, my dear?"

"Oh, I've already got rid of it—luckily the butcher took it."—*Detroit News.*

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A Mathematical Genius

"LOKI: THE LIFE OF CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ" by Jonathan Norton Leonard; Doubleday, Doran & Gundy, Toronto; New York; 291 pages and 8 illustrations; \$2.50.

By J. P. McMURRICH

IN writing a biography one may allow the subject to reveal himself by his letters, speeches and quotations from his writings, as in Trevelyan's Macaulay or the biographies of Darwin and Huxley written by their sons, all three fascinating examples of biographical literature. Or one may attempt to portray from available sources one's conception of the man, in some cases stressing his achievements, in others rather the man himself. It is to this last category of biographies that the present book belongs; it is what may be called a sketch, rather than a psycho-analysis, of the personality of a mathematical genius with much comment and many generalities and generalizations. Steinmetz was known to the world at large as the mathematical prodigy

maintained by the General Electric Company. He was not an inventor as is Edison or Marconi, one who makes possible the commercial utilization of the fundamental laws of Science, but one who determined certain of those laws, such as the complex law of hysteresis and the still more complex theory of the transformer, making safe and economical the use of the alternating electric current. In practical affairs as the head of a department his inefficiency was almost incredible, but the General Electric had the foresight to recognize his value and by freeing him from all routine tasks and responsibilities to give full scope to his remarkable genius, reaping an ample reward from his extraordinary ability in solving mathematical problems that arose in connection with the designing and operation of its products.

Karl August Rudolf Steinmetz was born in Breslau, Germany, a child with an inherited deformity, which no doubt had important influence on his personality. Debarred from participation in the sports of his fellows he devoted himself assiduously to the acquisition of learning, chiefly classics and mathematics, for it was before the day of the Realschule with its technical training, and graduated from the Gymnasium with the highest honours. Proceeding to the university he threw himself with vigour into the study of mathematics and found congenial companionship in the Mathematical Club, his lack of means and his physical deformity precluding membership in a Corps or in the Burschenschaft. One of his intimates in the Club had developed socialistic opinions, which, being under the ban of the authorities, could only be debated in secret meetings, and through his influence the ingenious Steinmetz was persuaded to enlistment in the socialist ranks, attracted mainly by the greater companionship entailed by the secrecy. His socialism was only skin deep, although sufficiently vigorous for a time as to bring him under the suspicion of the authorities and, being threatened with arrest, he escaped to Austria, passing thence to Switzerland and later to America with a friend whom he had met in Zurich.

Arriving in New York, penniless, a cripple, clad in ill-fitting garments and without knowledge of English, he was saved from deportation only by the guarantee of his friend. An application for a position in the Edison laboratory having failed, he next applied to Messrs. Elchenmeyer, Osterheld and Co. of Yonkers, N. Y., manufacturers of hat machinery and electrical appliances, and was engaged as a designer at a salary of twelve dollars a week. Here he remained for several years laying the foundation of his renown as an expert mathematician by his papers on hysteresis and transformers read before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and finally, on the merging of Elchenmeyer, Osterheld and Co. in the General Electric Co., shortly after the formation of that Company in 1892, Steinmetz was included in the transfer and for the rest of his life remained in the service of the General Electric, at first at Lynn, Mass. and later at Schenectady, N. Y.

Such are the chief incidents in the life of this remarkable man. A mathematical genius, he yet remained through life in many respects a child, with a child's unconventionality in dress and habits, excitable, fond of practical jokes and, when his reputation had become established, inordinately vain. He became a citizen of the United States and as evidence of his loyalty discarded his given names and adopted those of Charles Proteus, the latter being a student nickname, and, as fate dealt generously with him, he sloughed his socialism or at least sought arguments to justify his support by a great capitalistic organization. The author gives a good picture of both the ability and the foibles of the man, and it is unfortunate that the picture should be somewhat marred by overmuch padding and by a too journalistic style.

Mrs. Benham—"A man may be down, but he is never out."

Benham—"Well it's different with a woman: she's always out."—*Petrol News*.



LORD WILLINGDON
Caricature by A. G. Racey in "These Be Your Gods".

The "Gods" Are Human

"THESE BE YOUR GODS," by Leslie Roberts; The Musson Book Company Ltd., Toronto; 319 pages, illustrated; \$2.50.

By WILLIAM BANKS

CANADIANS regard their great or near great men through the spectacles of seriousness, and incline to endow them with attributes that are almost divine. Some of these men, perhaps, look at themselves in the same way. Roberts, describing himself as a "journeyman reporter," takes twenty-three of them, all, with one exception living, and makes it quite plain that they are human. He does it with racy joyousness, humour, and without rancour. The caricatures by A. G. Racey, cartoonist of the Montreal Star, add to the delight of a book in which there is not a stodgy line. The exception to the living characters is Hon. James A. Robb, whose recent death is mourned by the country at large. The sketch of him, written before his fatal illness and entitled "The Miller of Valleyfield," is a fine tribute to a faithful public servant.

The first sketch is of the Prince of Wales whom this country must share with the Empire, though claiming him as one of its own citizens. Of him the author heartily approves. Some others, and those more directly connected with the public life of Canada, have no particularly exalted place in his gallery. The Prime Minister is one, but he admits some qualities of value. Mackenzie King "knows how to decide. If he must gamble with fate he has proved his willingness to stake everything on one throw of the dice . . . he does not lack the ability to lead his own henchmen . . . the Prime Minister has found invariably that by waiting for the Conservative Board of Strategy to interpret the stars, he can always find a royal road to victory by slipping the Liberal chariot into reverse."

If there are many who would not like the word portrait of Hon. Mr. King, there would probably be as many disagreeing with the portraits drawn of Hon. Arthur Meighen and Hon. R. B. Bennett. The former is "the new Tory Moses" who is sincere in his belief, that he was called, via the Winnipeg convention, "by no less a person than Jehovah, Himself, to lead the boys back to the Treasury Benches . . . for Bennett at heart is an evangelist." No one in Canadian public life, the author asserts, has developed such a flair for a well turned platitude as "the eminent but ponderous" M.P. for Calgary, about Mr. Meighen, "The Dour Knight of Portage," is said among other things, that "his brilliant personality no longer impinges on the Canadian political scene because he is a man of low visibility," one who cannot look on life with a laugh. His ambition for office combined with inherent belief in the divine right of his group to rule, and the fact that he is not a good politician, cost him the premiership in 1926 and the leadership of the party. Neverthe-

less it is intimated that Mr. Meighen's return to Parliament would be a happy occasion for a press gallery that misses his oratorical and debating abilities.

Premier Howard Ferguson of Ontario is described as "a practical politician, shrewd and brave in the pinches," and "perhaps the best working politician in our Tory ranks" who has "all the earmarks of a successful business man from Utica or Grand Rapids." Premier Taschereau, of Quebec, is "a grand seigneur by birth and a Bourbon in his own right . . . who believes, if not in the Divine Right of Kings, then at least in the right of brains plus blood to govern." In the chapters devoted to these two there is amusing contrast as to the liquor control systems of the respective provinces. One gathers that Premier Ferguson might well have modelled Ontario's solely upon that of Quebec, but probably each province is reasonably satisfied with its own method. Among other politicians who have a place are Premier Tolmie of British Columbia, "the Happy Warrior," Hon. Charles Dunning, Hon. Ernest Lapointe.

Politicians are not the only great, near great and would-be-great among the "gods." Lord Willingdon, the Governor-General; President E. W. Beatty, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the "Man with the World's Biggest Job," and at heart still a youth; Sir Henry Thornton, "the Boss of the C.N.R.," who likes to work with his shirt sleeves rolled; Sir Robert Holt, Sir Arthur Currie, and Hon. Vincent Massey are there. So too is Sir Robert Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, eulogized as a Canadian of whom there is none better. Roberts says that the British journalists who toured Canada some time ago were more impressed by Falconer than by any other Canadian they met. There is eulogy too of John W. Dufoe, editor of the Manitoba Free Press, hailed as "our surviving journalist," one who has "survived the juggernaut of mass production."

The book ought to be among the best sellers in Canada. It would be in some other country with whose "gods" it dealt with so engagingly.

"THE Art of Landscape Painting," by Leonard Richmond, R.O.I., R.B.A. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, 79 Bond St., Toronto) is a book that will greatly appeal to all those who wish to learn to paint from a text-book. Those who study in the schools and those who study in the fields and mountains will also learn much from it. It is old-fashioned and new-fashioned; it is in favour of tradition, while it encourages experiment. It will do no artist or lover of landscape any harm, and it will do most of such a great deal of good. It is a practical treatise by a practitioner who happens also to be an admirable landscapist, with a gift for pleasing colour and design, and with a flair for what is attractive in subject. It is, however, more than a treatise; it is an album of pleasing pictures in oil, water-colour, pastel, and pencil. As a treatise it is simply written, and without pretensions to literary quality, all the more useful in that literary graces do not distract the mind from the very business-like statement of the theme. There is no nonsense about this handsome textbook; it sets out to teach the principles of landscape art, and in all practical respects is entirely successful. (Size 10½ in. by 8 in., cloth gilt, with 35 full-page Colour Plates and many other illustrations, \$7.50).



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Masterly Characterization

LITTLE NOVELS, by Arthur Schnitzler; Simon and Schuster; Mussions; Toronto; price \$2.50.

By L. A. MACKAY

IN EVEN the narrative work of Schnitzler, the influence of the dramatic technique and the dramatic point of view are of primary importance, and account for much of the subtle and delicate charm of his work. The value such a tendency places on brevity, selection, and arrangement, are especially telling in a book of short stories such as this. Never a word betrays the author's judgment of his characters, yet in few writers is this judgment less dubious. He pays the reader the high and subtle compliment of leaving him to make such judgments apparently entirely by himself, while by the accuracy of his art he makes it practically impossible for one to be a moment in doubt as to the true interpretation. The characters are shown in action; often, as it were in autobiography; but the choice of incidents is so skillfully arranged that the character is perfectly transparent, and over and above the interest of the story, one has the added exhilaration of penetrating surely and without difficulty to the inner motives of all the actors, even those that appear only for a moment, the glow of superior insight and self-satisfaction that comes from the consciousness of a successful bit of amateur psycho-analysis.

There is one partial exception to this statement, in the several stories that deal primarily with the marital infidelities of rather remote and fantastic people, motivated by no particularly clear reason, often in fact by no particular reason at all, except dramatic convenience. Or one might perhaps rather

say that Schnitzler seems to believe that that is one of the actions for which no particular explanation is really necessary.

There is always something a little strange about all his people, however simple their character or situation; but this is only another way of saying that they are never dull or commonplace. While keeping firm roots in actuality, there is always that little touch of the strange, the different, the unforeseen, that makes it worth while to read a book, that makes a properly contrived character in fiction the absorbing and interesting creature that his counterpart in our acquaintance, in real life, so depressingly is not. It is possible to transfer this depressing stolidity, this hopeless impenetrability, into books, and many modern writers have done it with most heart-breaking success, but considering the limited life and attention at the disposal of the ordinary reader, it still remains doubtful whether it is much worth while. In Schnitzler's work, not only does one know the characters more fully and intimately than they know themselves, or than one can know one's fellow-men, but such is the self-effacing restraint and impartiality of the writer that one almost credits himself with more insight than the author himself; for the reader makes explicit, with a cruder violence, what is clearly demonstrated, but never explicitly stated in the book. No one can resist such a flattering author.

The present book exhibits an astonishing variety and mastery of different moods and emotions, from the ironic lightness, with its undertone of rather dry bitterness, and its froth of pure hilarity, that is most peculiarly Schnitzler's province, to the tender simplicity of such tales as Blind Geronimo. He parades for our supercilious amusement a procession of silly people, stupid people, who are at once funny, pathetic, and admirable in their very weaknesses, gropings, and restraints. On reflection, one is surprised to see how much violence of action is involved in many of the stories. The easy, quiet, unexaggerated style, often rather reminiscent of 'Saki' at his best, carries us along in an unstartled acceptance of what in a bald recital would be an almost garishly melodramatic tale. The same quiet manner makes us accept as quite normal, natural, and ordinary, the not infrequent interweaving of the supernatural.

The translation, by Eric Sutton, is justly termed "graceful and intelligent", fully worthy, in its smoothness and delicacy, of the accomplished artist whose work it reproduces. A book strongly to be recommended to all that enjoy brief but masterly character drawing, and a cleverly ironical lightness of touch based on real insight, sympathy and understanding, yet never for a moment sentimental or heavy-handed.

Romantic Niagara

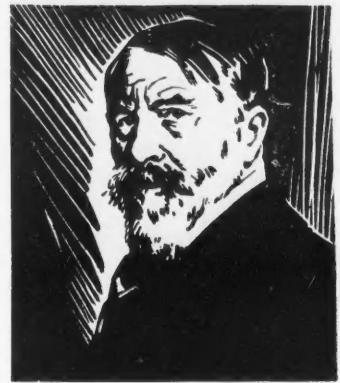
"THE RUNNER," a romance of the Niagaras, by Ralph Connor; Doubleday, Doran and Gundy, Toronto; 481 pages; \$2.00.

By ERIC MUNCASTER

WITH the Niagara Peninsula as the chief background for his picture and the troubled days preceding and during the War of 1812 as its time-setting, Ralph Connor has produced in his latest story a piece of literature which must be reckoned his masterpiece in some respects. His touch grows surer with the years; the twenty-four books listed on a fly-leaf of the new volume have meant more than an ordinary apprenticeship in preparation for the culmination of years of effort which "The Runner" represents. He has written a historical novel which stands high among the best of that type ever produced in Canada. It will rank with Sir Gilbert Parker's "Scots of the Mighty" for quality.

Addressing a meeting in Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, recently, Dr. C. W. Gordon (to give him his proper name) described his early adventures in the field of authorship and told of the advice given him by the late S. R. Crockett, the famous Scottish author of "The Lilac Sunbonnet."

"Write about Jimmy," said the veteran to the young apprentice. The ad-



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

vice has been faithfully followed these many years, as Ralph Connor's admirers know full well. It is followed in the new book too.

The "Jimmy" of this particular story is René LaFlamme, "The Runner," son of a French officer and a Scotch lady who had both died soon after their son's birth, so that he was brought up by his mother's brother, a retired sergeant, who is a "character."

The boy has inherited the best attributes of both races in such proportions that romance and adventure are inevitable, but with his mercurial temperament is blended stability of character which stands him in good stead in many ticklish situations. He is a splendid hero.

The author's treatment of a setting that is new to him is on a high plane throughout. In these pages General Brock and Winfield Scott, Dearborn and Commander Perry, that great Indian Tecumseh and many other real-life characters adorn the stage on which they tread. The actors do not "strut"—they are natural, always an achievement in a novel of this genre.

Many of the scenes deserve more than passing comment. That in which the camp-meeting with its old-style Methodist preaching takes place reveals a master hand. The episode in which Hubert Brookes defies Lieutenant-Governor Gore is graphic and dramatic. The "eclipse" is life-like in atmosphere. The battles, Queenston Heights, Beaver Dams, Stoney Creek, Lundy's Lane, and in fact the whole raid form a true representation which is fair both to raiders and raided. Politics, with the Indian problem and the question of justice to settlers, bulk as large as they undoubtedly did at the time. Laura Secord is given her due place in the narrative, but without the continuity being interrupted or the interest suffering.

The story? Thousands will turn to it with anticipation. It would be wrong to disappoint them by summarizing it here and now, but it is entirely satisfactory in its development. In war or peace, in pioneer days or days of advanced civilization, as Byron discovered, "fair women and brave men" and their adventures have an irresistible appeal and will continue to exercise it till the end of time. Ralph Connor is too deeply imbued with the spirit of dramatic narrative to lose sight of that even for a moment, and the beauty of his mature art is such that it will captivate old and young readers alike. It will enlarge the circle of his friends and retain all the old ones.

Love, hate, war, adventure, pioneering—Ralph Connor has given us all of them before, but in "The Runner" he has surpassed himself. May he continue in these days of his retirement from the active ministry to produce more contributions of this order, worthy to find a permanent place on Canada's and the world's bookshelves.

Child of Celt and Indian

(Continued from Page 1)

as a whole and not by separate excellencies. A single defect relegates it to a place less than the highest. Yet, Georges Bugnet by this book reveals himself as a distinguished novelist. He has a quality peculiar to himself, an originality that is genius.



THE MARQUIS de LA FAYETTE
At the Age of Nineteen.

Risible Russia

"THE EMBEZZLERS," by Valentine Katsav, translated from the Russian by Leonide Zarine; Longmans, Green, Toronto; 300 pages; \$2.50.

By MERRILL DENISON

WHATEVER its literary or artistic merit, any novel from Soviet Russia has interest and value if it does anything to clear our minds of the effects of ten years of bewildering propaganda by giving, simply and intelligibly, some picture of the actual conditions of life in the Communist Republic. Such enlightenment must certainly come from the literary craftsman. So much is evident after 12 years of reading the reports of visitors to the country. However sincere their intentions, such observers seemed doomed to convey a distorted and unbalanced picture.

There have been few novels produced by the revolution, I know of but two. "One Day," a story of a small town in the first flush of Soviet management, and the second, the book under review, "The Embezzlers" for a variety of good reasons is an excellent book. It is an amusing, humorous story told with very considerable skill. Its author is detached and nowhere does one sniff the taint of red or white propaganda. It shows to what extent the censorship has been lifted in Russia and so gives promise of greater enlightenment to follow concerning the colossal social experiment. The book throws light on the strange speculations prevalent in the offices of the Soviet trusts. And as the story of a remarkable hinge it makes good reading.

The story concerns the adventure of two scatter-brained fellows, Prohoroff, an accountant for one of the trusts, and Young Ivan, his cashier. A number of other characters appear and disappear, while these two fellows manage to embezzle the considerable sum of 12,000 roubles. This affair is hardly a theft but rather the unhappy result of imagination, circumstances, the malevolent influence of Nikita, the office boy, the rain, 40 per cent vodka, and Prohoroff's secret passion to ride a white horse in the manner of that splendid fellow Count Guido. Vodka, one of the leading characters, perhaps the best exemplar of the Russian temperament in the story connives with Nikita to place the pair on a train bound for Moscow.

The story follows them through the possible incredibilities of the prolonged bust composed in the main of nights filled with futile frustration and days filled with frustrated futility.

At the end it leaves them on their way to serve five years imprisonment for their dereliction of duty. At places the story reaches heights of boisterous hilarity, the appreciation of which will depend on the individual reader's view of the abstract worth of that state of alcoholic psychosis known as "the binge."

Throughout the book there are overtones and undercurrents of serious significance. One gains an insight of present day psychology in Russia. In many simple ways it suggests that life in Russia, as elsewhere, is largely concerned with the problems of day-to-day existence and

that the revolution has not changed the habits of the bulk of the population as much as we suppose. For all the hearty laughter the book provokes, it tells a tale of a bewildered, purposeless country aimlessly going nowhere. It leaves an impression that differs widely from that of one's radical friends who picture a Russia in poverty but with her face to the dawn. The Russia of "The Embezzlers" is in perpetual twilight.

The craftsmanship of the novel is of a high order. The manner is entirely objective, or if you prefer, behaviourist. It recalls the work of younger American writers in its economy of words, methods, and situation but the effect is a more abundant one. The characterizations are particularly joyous, and one of these, alone, makes the book worth reading. That one is of Isabella, described by the author as "a harpy of wide experience and many expedients." She enters the scene en route to Moscow, a forceful woman but handicapped in her chosen profession by a lack of personal beauty which only an advanced state of inebriation on the part of her clients can possibly counterbalance. The picture of Isabella, in her pink hat and ear rings, seeking Prohoroff in the Cinema night club of the old regime in Leningrad is something to treasure as a model of serio-comic description.

I doubt if either the incorrigible red or the ineducable white will take pleasure in the book but numbers of less biased people should find it highly enjoyable.

Hero of Two Worlds

(Continued from Page 2)

none of them have conveyed to my mind, as does this work of Mr. Whitlock's, so clear and well-proportioned a sense of the great Frenchman's continuity of principle and purity of purpose. There has been no striving after dramatic effects. Indeed, a life so tempestuous, so consecrated to liberty, and of such dynamic energy constituted in itself one long and vivid and romantic drama.

The hero of two worlds, La Fayette, as Mr. Whitlock points out, "has his American legend and his French legend, but the two are curiously unlike. He has never been the hero of the French that he is to Americans." That, perhaps, is not surprising. It is not always in his own country that the prophet gets his full meed of honor. Moreover, his great American adventure in his youth was the pure flame of romance. When he sought to apply his ardent democratic principles to the conditions of an older and more sophisticated civilization, then the cynical and the disillusioned sneered at him as a demagogue and laughed at his enthusiasms as those of a naive and ingenuous visionary.

If ever a life was full of action and incident, that life was La Fayette's. He was not twenty when he engaged in his first revolution and he was seventy-three when he undertook his last. An aristocrat to his fingers' tips, he was the people's champion, alike in his own land and abroad. Courageous, chivalrous and faithful — though at times cursed with indecisiveness — there radiated from him, all through his life, something of the glory of gallant and immortal youth. And this attribute of his Mr. Whitlock has done well to bring out.

The Pet Poet

(Continued from Page 5)

As the singing of a song. Or the playing of music. And that was likely to stir the poet to the composition of another poem. But, it is not quite the same in this age, and in this country where we have only recently discovered that poetry is an extraordinary pursuit. Perhaps we have made a great and important discovery. Our minds are open, and certainly we go in numbers to recitals and to receptions where poets are. Which shows that the poet is a pet in Canada. To any other worker we should say with no committing of our judgment whatever — yes, but do not exaggerate the importance of a single product. However, it may be just as well for a country to have its little indulgences. And particularly in verse.

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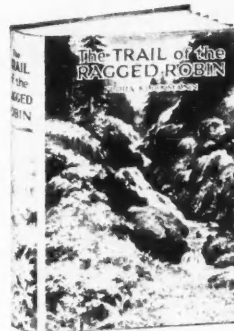
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A Soldier's Wolfe

"WOLFE AND NORTH AMERICA,"
by F. E. Whitton; Little Brown and
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Toronto; 322 pages, maps and illustrations; \$4.

By **BLODWEN DAVIES**

ONE more volume has been added to the increasing proportions of Wolfeiana in Lt.-Col. F. E. Whitton's "Wolfe and North America." Like Prof. Waugh, the author of "James Wolfe, Man and Soldier," Lt.-Col. Whitton is not a professional writer, but whereas Prof. Waugh developed his interest in Wolfe through the medium of his historical studies, Lt.-Col. Whitton approached him by way of the army. The author is of the same Anglo-Irish stock as Wolfe himself, and like him, much of his military service has been in North America, including Halifax, where he must have come upon traces of Wolfe's passing.

This, his fourth volume of historical studies, bears all the earmarks of having been a genuine literary and historical hobby. Available sources on Wolfe have been pretty thoroughly exhausted and the author's only hope of variety is in his approach. Lt.-Col. Whitton's style is distinguished by his arrangement of events and his conclusions. He has a trick of putting related experiences in a perspective which clarifies his subject, and this deft marshalling of material is, perhaps, almost unconscious, because of his familiarity not only with the immediate events of Wolfe's life but also of the great international events which preceded his era and which culminated in the closing years of the historic Seven Year's war. The author consolidates the conquest of Canada with the great European events of the age, proving that events in the two worlds were inextricably interwoven. "The destiny of Canada," he says, "was decided amid the shoals of Quiberon no less than upon the Heights of Abraham."

His object, apparently, in this life of Wolfe, has been, while not detracting one whit from the fame of Wolfe himself, to bring into the front ranks of the celebrities of the Conquest other figures which suffered at the time and since because of the dramatic completeness of the Wolfe tradition.—his youth, his handicaps, his parental domination, his thwarted romances, his challenge to fate on that fateful September day, and his death in the face of the enemy. Moreover, news of the Wolfe episode came as the culmination of a series of despatches bearing brilliant news of British adventures. September began in London with "a torrent of prosperous news" and Wolfe unconsciously prepared the way for a sort of frenzy of relief by his own gloomy despatch to Pitt in which he confessed to defeat and which arrived in the capital just two days before the news of the victory. Wolfe's victory and death gave Britain subject for both cheers and tears. It was inevitable that the two undramatic, unspectacular figures of Saunders and Amherst would suffer. Both were men of the most commendable qualities and highest achievements, the sort of men who make the backbone of any successful campaign, but do not lend themselves to popular fancy. The author would bring them back into focus in the pictures of 1758, 1759, 1760. Just as Saunders' services were considered merely incidental to the finale of the Plains, so Amherst's capture of Montreal the following summer was considered a sort of anticlimax. There is no doubt of the author's admiration for Wolfe, but he concludes that if the palm is to be awarded to any one man for the conquest of Canada that man should be Amherst, though he goes on to quote that "there was enough glory to go round."

In his final paragraph he pays his tribute to Wolfe in the words: "In the long annals of the British army, for devotion to duty, for untiring resolution, for dauntless courage, for the sure grasp of a chance fleetly offered, for the gifts of personality and leadership, no name stands higher than that of James Wolfe."

Lt.-Col. Whitton's life is welcome because every sincere and painstaking revaluation of events and personalities contributes something to the knowledge of the times involved.



J. B. PRIESTLEY
Author of "The Good Companions"

Frustration

"THE YOUNG MAN" by Stephen
Potter; Cape-Nelson, Toronto,
London; 320 pages; \$2.00.

By **FRANK STILING**

DAVID VOCE is poignantly conscious that he is a failure. Despite his Oxford training, his genuine appreciation of literature and the arts, there is some atrophy of his potentialities. He is vaguely aware of disturbances and movements within him, yet he is sterile. His dream of active participation in the world of letters remains a dream.

What is the cause of this constant frustration? Convinced that his family is a nullifying influence, Voce moves into bachelor quarters where he experiences no relief from his dissatisfaction. Despairingly, hesitatingly, he expresses his disappointment to his friend, Gessler, who suggests that the reason for the failure is Voce himself. His methods of thinking have been at fault. He must think in terms of actual experience and of personality instead of in generalizations and common ideas. Gessler describes the lack of vitality and directness in the conversation of Voce and his associates. "You converse through feelers of common interest in art and music and tennis and newspapers, you rub each other's antennae."

Stimulus to writing, Voce decides, will be obtained by conversing in a new way. He first attempts to reconstruct his thoughts in the course of a conversation with members of his family. Finding, however, that the "new way" is difficult, he seeks the company of new associates—an engineer, an artist, a writer. His attempts fail because, being self-conscious, he poses. Pauses in conversation become unbearable, impressing him with a sense of failure; he becomes confused and gauche.

Falling in love with an artist, Lydia, whom he marries, Voce definitely resumes his old methods of thinking and reading. The relapse satisfies the reader who must often think that Voce is no promising young man suffering from conventional inhibition, so much as he is a dull person striving to achieve brilliance. Schopenhauer's ninety-year-old statement describes him, "much reading deprives the mind of all elasticity; it is like keeping a spring continually under pressure."

The hero of this psychological novel is a shadowy figure. We learn much of his mental processes, something of his physical appearance, but little of him as a living man. Gessler is a disappointment. Voce's impression of Gessler's brilliance is not conveyed to the reader, who sees, with Sue, a discourteous posier pretending to great powers of thought.

The Young Man is not easy to read. The sentences in it are neither mellifluous nor racy. Mr. Potter writes here with ruggedness and quiet humor which are pleasing, though they are occasionally marred by obscurity. There are evidences of rapid writing in some sentences where the omission

of relatives, and occasionally of verbs, has obscured the thought.

Hackneyed figures of speech find little place in this book. The analogies are fresh, vigorous, and real. The skin on the segments of an orange is "transparent like the skin of delicate internal organs", bramble bushes make "shaved-down islands of wildness," the well-made road is "as smooth and rounded as a finger nail."

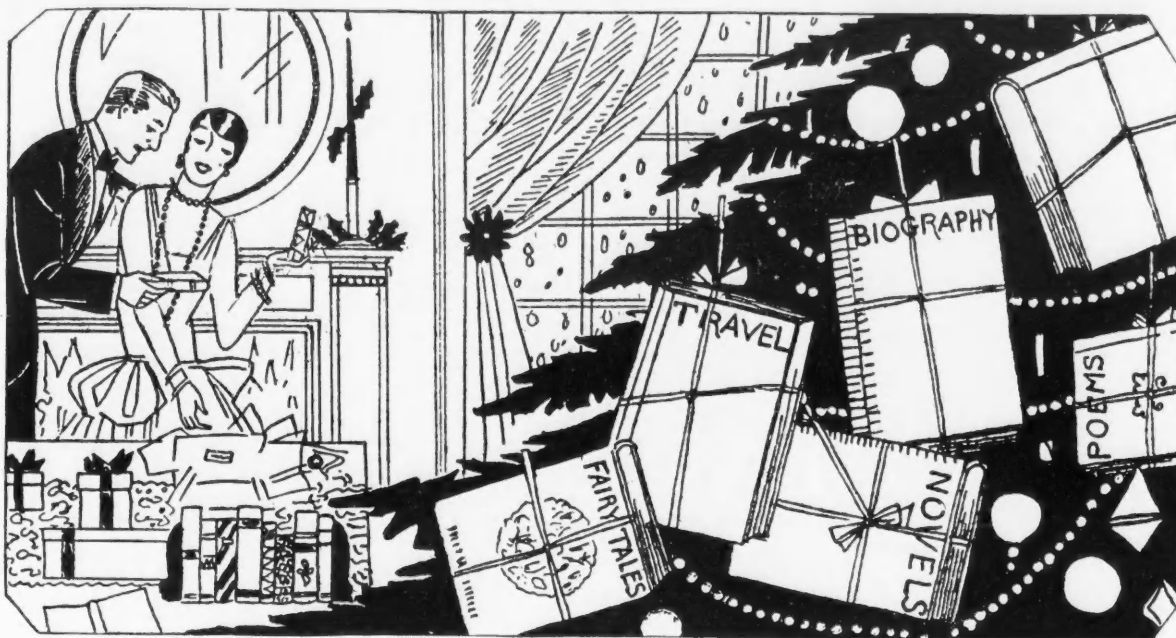
The Art of Marcel Proust

(Continued from Page 3)

—I mean in his dispassionate study of sexual perversion—his object was to complete his researches into the problem of love. There is nothing of the Freudian sex obsession in Proust which we encounter in Joyce and other contemporary English novelists though it is quite obvious that love is for him simply the outcome of baffled desire. But love in the Proustian sense is not wholly physical since the same desire may find an equally happy assuagement in the beauty of great art. Love, he considers as one of man's efforts to express to the full his real self. It is therefore purely a subjective creation and the object of love, the woman, is of secondary importance since to him she is merely the vase which contains the essence of ideal beauty and not the essence itself. The proof is that as in the case of Swann the woman, Odette, might just as well have been any other since in no respect did she correspond, morally or physically, to Swann's ideal. But why did Swann marry Odette and why did Proust keep Albertine? The author's answer is that so long as there is not full possession, so long as there is one atom of desire unsatisfied, the lover feels that some part of his inner self has not found expression. Hence the extraordinary rôle played in the novel by jealousy which is born of thwarted desire and it is safe to say that no writer has ever analysed jealousy so minutely as Proust. The whole action of the novel pivots on the supreme effort of the lover to surmount the barriers of ruse and duplicity which the woman instinctively erects between him and the realisation of his ideal. Proust breaks absolutely with the conventional and romantic conception of love as something outside the lovers drawing them together by some mystic magnetism. In Proust the woman loved becomes the image of the lover's desire for supreme beauty; she is the screen on which he projects his ideal picture. Love then develops into a desolating and painful struggle on the part of the man to sink the personality of the woman in his and on her part a fight for the freedom of her ego. It is difficult for the average man whose energy is spent, not in introspection but in action, to follow Proust sympathetically through the tortuous mazes of this struggle because we find credible only those situations in which we can imagine ourselves participating. Yet with a little effort one can realise the psychological riches which the author has unearthed in his burrowings into the mysteries of love and jealousy. And when we remember the peculiar complication which arises from the fact that Albertine is a pervert it requires little imagination to understand the degree of anguish suffered by the hero in his hopeless effort to complete his love. Thwarted desire, jealousy interrupted by intervals of pure happiness, the dying of desire and of love and the eternal rebeginning as the lover's insistent ego evolves and, in developing, calls for a new expression; such is the painful Proustian conception of love.

Life as interpreted by Proust staggers us by its complexity. Is that not perhaps because in our mechanistic age we unconsciously come to look for simple or material explanations of life's deepest problems? As a corrective to this attitude of mind, as a reminder of the profounder and more richly coloured spiritual life which underlies our rational one, the work of Marcel Proust will long endure. It is a pillar in that temple of idealism which the great artists of the world have fashioned and which can never be overshadowed even by the skyscrapers of materialism.

"What has become of the end-seat hog?" "He drives in the middle of the road."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



Never A Christmas Comes Or Goes But Someone Sends Someone Else Books

This Christmas there are so many wonderful new books. Inspiring biographies of great men. Books such as "July '14" that give us a new conception of the Great War. Books on philosophy (everyone is deeply interested in it these days). Enthralling books of history. Ralph Connor has come back with "The Runner", and the Rev. W. A. Cameron's "Not by Eastern Windows Only", will be eagerly read by many who have learned to love the famous preacher of Yorkminster Baptist Church. If you shop in Simpson's Book Shop you'll find all these and countless others quite as worthy of note.

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We List a Few

—of the many remaining new books, one ought to own, or give away this Christmas.

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- "The Good Companions", by J. B. Priestley. At \$3.00.
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- "Jesse Ketchum and His Times", by E. J. Hathaway. At \$3.50.
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Building a Book-room

"THE CHRONICLES OF A CENTURY," edited by Lorne Pierce; Ryerson Press, Toronto.

By J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

ONE hundred years is a long period in the life of a young country like Canada; stretching back, as it does, to the very beginnings of things. Few national business institutions have as yet celebrated their centenaries, and the United Church Publishing House—formerly known as The Methodist Bookroom—has the distinction of being the first publishing concern in the Dominion to score a "century."

In this volume Dr. Lorne Pierce has collected a series of "recordings" by men who were more or less personally acquainted with the Canadian Fathers of Methodism, who founded and built up this great publishing house. Owing to the union of the Methodist with the Presbyterian and Congregational churches, four years ago, the history of the publishing activities of the two latter denominations is included in these "Chronicles of a Century."

While the brief stories told of the lives of these "worthies" are in some instances interesting in themselves, and, as a whole, form a connected annals of a hundred years, one gets the impression of scrappiness. Dr. Pierce has not attempted to weave them into a running chronological narrative; but he has gathered authentic material for future historians. He presents a gallery of portraits word-painted by men who were contemporary with the subjects. Among the most readable of the sketches are those by Rev. Dr. S. P. Rose, who displays shrewd human insight and an intimate style which lend a living quality and literary tone to the book.

Dr. Rose's reminiscences on the brothers Ryerson, particularly that on John Ryerson, combined with those on Dr. Wellington Jeffers and his own father, are "gems of purest ray serene" which illuminate this cavernous archive of ecclesiastical biographical data! These gems might well be picked out of their present setting and published in booklet form, as a little gallery of portraits of preachers. Here is a sample:

"My first trustworthy recollections of my father are of a man in his prime, just entering upon the youth of old age. To my boyish fancy he was a

handsome man, more so than most. This I might modestly set down to the partiality, not to say idolatry, of a child for his father, if the impression were not confirmed by independent testimony. My first 'drawings' toward the ministry were the outcome of an admiration for his appearance, as of an afternoon, he started on his rounds of pastoral visits. I thought how charming a thing it was to dress so splendidly, carry a cane, wear a tall hat, and be admired by all who saw him."

One more glimpse—this of Rev. John Ryerson, brother of the founder of the Bookroom:

"The abiding impression is that of a peculiarly gentle and sweet spirit, who had left the struggles and conflicts of life behind him, and was dwelling in Beulah land, waiting for the messenger of the King to bid him come home. . . . Ministers were no rarity at the parsonage, and as one born of the manse I did not always find them awe-inspiring; but this man in some way that I am not prepared to characterize, was so different from most of his brethren that he occupies a little sanctuary all his own in my early recollections."

Like many other ecclesiastical developments, the Bookroom appears to have been born out of controversy. The Christian Guardian was established largely as a medium for the expression of Methodist indignation at the criticism directed against them by Bishop Strachan. Dr. Pierce points out the odd coincidence that the two chief protagonists in the controversy were aliens in the denominations they were defending. Egerton Ryerson, the champion of Methodism, was originally an Anglican; while Bishop Strachan, the Anglican dignitary, was born and bred a Scotch Presbyterian.

In this "family album" there is an almost complete absence of laymen, and little or no reference is made to the part played by anyone outside of the "cloth." If one may judge by the part taken by the laymen to-day in church affairs, there must have been many laymen of outstanding character and leadership who contributed to the life and progress of Methodism, and of the Bookroom in particular. All the credit for the building up of Methodism, Presbyterianism and Congregationalism in Canada cannot be claimed by the Ecclesiasties. Perhaps Dr. Pierce has in view a portrait gallery of laymen who labored "as seeing the invisible."

In His Own Image

"THE MAN WHO PRETENDED," by W. B. Maxwell; Doubleday, Doran and Gundy, Ltd., Toronto; 318 pages; \$2.00.

By A. R. RANDALL-JONES

HERE is an extremely clever and well-written novel, a deftly-drawn study in personality, that may be recommended with confidence to the reader of discernment and discrimination.

The man around whose character the tale is woven was, from boyhood, a mass of insincerity. He loved to posture before the world as kindly, chivalrous, altruistic and brave. In reality, he was none of those things, and, though successful in deceiving others, he neither deceived, nor attempted to deceive, himself into thinking that he was.

But, the more he recognized his own littleness and limitations, the more he was determined to show to the world a noble and sublime front. This, of necessity, involved the constant performance of sublime and noble actions. Such actions came to make up his general conduct, and, on the authority of Matthew Arnold that "Conduct is three parts of life," conduct on so lofty a plane effected a radical, though gradual, change in his character. Almost insensibly, he became what he had started out by pretending to be. The lie he was consciously living at the outset became truth while he lived it. However, lest any should presume, it is well to bear in mind that most lies do not conveniently transform themselves in like manner—so it is best not to take any chances!

There is an increasing suppleness of craftsmanship about most of Mr. Maxwell's later novels, and this, together with a marked subtlety in the delineation of character, makes "The Man Who Pretended" a very engaging and fascinating story.



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"GOLDEN TREASURY OF FAMOUS BOOKS," by Marjory Willison; Macmillan Company, Ltd., Toronto; \$2.00.

By JEAN GRAHAM

THE sub-title of this volume informs us that it is a guide to good reading for boys and girls and for the enjoyment of those who love books. The author, Lady Willison, proved to us in "The Child's House" that she is familiar with the Young Person's ways of thinking and is ever highly sympathetic with the Young Person's modes of acting. This book of thirty-four brief chapters is one that is full of enjoyment for the adult reader — as well as of advice for those who are younger. Dickens makes a joyous start for this volume which concludes with a list of our own Canadian publications to be desired. Lady Willison, herself, is familiar with the treasures which she spreads before us so lavishly — and writes as one with knowledge and discernment. The land of books is one of many paths; — and this author leads us in flowery ways and beside clear fountains. It is not always easy to advise; but the advice in this book of counsel is kindly and tactful in its message to the young reader who is anxious in the search for buried treasure.

There is so rich a store to draw from, in the British literature which is our heritage, that it is no light task to make a choice. In this case it has been done with rare insight and patience.

Scottish Ballad Opera

"PRINCE CHARLIE AND FLORA", A Ballad Opera; Libretto by J. Murray Gibbon; J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., Toronto.

By MARION A. GRIERSON

SYMBOLIC of a bond of sympathy between Canada and Scotland is the recent publication of a ballad opera that has Bonnie Prince Charlie's escape to France from the Western Highlands of Scotland as its theme. "Prince Charlie and Flora" is the title and the libretto is by J. Murray Gibbon a Scotch Canadian who has made several notable translations of French-Canadian folk-songs into English verse.

The ballad opera was staged for the first time at the August Highland gathering at Banff, Alberta, where it received unstinted applause from several distinctly cosmopolitan audiences. Intertwined with the well known story of Charlie's escape to France attired as Flora Macdonald's waiting maid, are several old Scottish airs among which are "Johnnie Cope," "To the Wee Wee German Lairdie," "The Jolly Beggars" and the "Lochaber Lullaby." Several French and Jacobite songs are also used with admirable effect.

The curtain rises on a shelling at Rossinish, Benbecula, furnished only by a flat stone on a pillar of turf for table and bundles of heather for chairs. Prince Charlie is roasting liver and kidneys over the peat fire, with Captain O'Neill as his only companion.

Following the traditional character beloved throughout Scottish history, Prince Charlie remains gay despite a hovering melancholy caused by memory of the thirty thousand pound price placed on his head. However, a basket of food and wine sent by the good housewife, Lady Clanranald, speedily dissipates his doubts of the integrity of his followers and the Prince is disposed to pass the evening in carousal.

But the entry of Lady Clanranald and Flora Macdonald bring Prince Charlie to a recognition of his kingly heritage and in tattered highland costume he assumes the dignity of a throne he never attained. Lady Clanranald, practical Scots-woman that she is, introduces the topic of the Prince's escape as soon as may be but not until the feast has been shared and a number of songs sung in true "ceilidh" fashion. Merriment again prevails as the Prince discovers the serving maid's costume which he must wear, but in deference to Flora's modesty and Lady Clanranald's fears for his safety his farcical singing of "A Poor Beggar's Daughter" as he assumes the character and clothes

of Betty Burke, must suffice for the time being.

A further touch of humor is given by the entry of the Earl's half-wit who takes the Prince clad in serving maid's costume for a "great-footed Irish warlock." But Lady Clanranald will have no more delay and insists on the Prince's departure with Flora Macdonald.

The curtain falls on the singing of "Where sleeps the Queenly Maiden Tonight" as Flora gently leads the way from the shelling.

Beethoven a Persistent Rebel

(Continued from Page 4)

tive" — as the author points out many of the sonatas are really mere suites — that Beethoven had but little conscious concern with the relation of his themes to one another and that he wasn't the only composer who tried to unify a work by this means?

The question of Source-Motive I don't follow at all. Mr. Schaffner quotes innumerable examples to prove his point but to my uninstructed eye, at least, they prove nothing at all. Again and again he points out the fact that Beethoven used the triad of the common chord as a theme. Doesn't every composer's music reveal some such idiom of style? To take an extreme case, Sphor, with his wealth of melodic invention, ruined his work by his love of chromatic passing notes. And what could be more characteristic of the rugged Beethoven than his love of the untortured, open-air triad of the common chord?

Our author — modest and tactful man — suggests that the four chapters dealing with this theme question may be skipped. Don't skip them; they will provide a basis for interesting discussion whenever people interested in music gather together.

This most earnest, informative and instructed writer offers a valuable hint to everyone who would come to a better understanding of Beethoven's music. He admits that he has found the gramophone record and the reproducing piano an immense help in his studies — a passage can be played and studied again and again when these ingenious instruments are used. To help on the good work Mr. Schaffner has compiled a very comprehensive list of Beethoven music which has been recorded by gramophone and player-piano.

I believe that an investment in one or both of these instruments together with Mr. Schaffner's own work will be money sensibly spent.

The works of a giant are not easily comprehended to the full by gnats, and where Beethoven is concerned how few of us there are who are greater in musical stature than the tiniest of insects.

Cabell Grows Tired

(Continued from Page 5)

you Calypso, bade you release Odysseus from the spell of your beauty. Sophocles too, saw you bearing an ewer of bronze, and treading gingerly among gashed, lamentable corpses, lest your loved dead be dishonored; and Sophocles called you Antigone, praising your valour and your beauty. And when men named you Bonnyca, Theocritus also sang of your grave, drowsy voice and your feet carved of ivory, and of your tender heart and all your honey-pale sweet beauty.

This is more than a pretty trick of rhetoric; and with all this suavity we must remember that Cabell combines an ironic sharpness — the claw under the velvet paw — which marks him forever apart from the sentimentalising romantic of older date. He is well advised to say good-bye to mythology, but even at fifty he is not too old to renew himself in another direction.

Forgetful Husband (to friend) — "I want you to help me. I promised to meet my wife at one o'clock for luncheon, and I can't remember where. Would you mind ringing her up at our house and asking her where I am likely to be about that time?" — *Answers.*

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A Sad Mixture

"THE UNCERTAIN TRUMPET," by A. S. M. Hutchinson; 420 pages; McClelland & Stewart, Toronto; \$2.00.

By JESSIE E. McEWEN

UNFORTUNATELY the sermon-preaching parson will be unable to find a text in "The Uncertain Trumpet." He may, of course, with justification, select the title as a worthy subject for an oration; so, probably the book may be included with its predecessors, "If Winter Comes" and "This Freedom." It has a moral, chosen with as great care as was the moral of "If

Winter Comes" and the moral is enunciated with equal vehemence and emphasis but, sad to relate, it is occasionally, obscured by an entanglement of odd people and pointless events. Please do not think that I am daring to suggest that Mr. Hutchinson has lost any of his fervour. He has not; he gives us here, four hundred and twenty pages of fervency; it has, as a matter of fact, proved his undoing for he has tried to give it to all his characters and to all the details of his plot.

His characters—you must know that in "The Uncertain Trumpet" Mr. Hutchinson has made a valiant effort to write a character novel. He begins it with a gossiping gentlewoman who knows county scandal as she should know her prayer-book and, when he wears of her, he brings in a tight-mouthed, grim collector of antiques—so through all the book, until he ends with a jealous-eyed creature who, almost, but not quite, ruins a suitably happy conclusion.

It is a difficult task for anyone to set himself, that of combining, in equal proportions, people and events. Mr. Hutchinson has had the audacity to make the effort and each time, he sees his plot becoming mere stage setting, he concentrates on it for a few pages; then as he realizes that his characters are becoming wooden soldiers, he adds to their already long line of peculiarities. The result is not pleasing, nor is it convincing. His conversations, instead of contributing simplicity and naturalness to the story, are mere "fillers" between his plot details and his character analysis.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hutchinson has the gift of character delineation. Lady Vestibule is as overwhelmingly imposing in the first chapter of "The Uncertain Trumpet" as she would be in the drawing-room of an intimate friend. He is very deft too, in his handling of Miss Mention but, alas, both of the ladies become so unmanageable in the first chapter, that they are debarred from the rest of the narrative. They are merely the heralds of Mr. Pelham Heritage, and Mr. Pelham Heritage, although he comes on the scene as a happy bridegroom with a youthful blushing bride on his arm, is not worthy of such fore-runners. He is selfish, rather slyly vindictive, attached to his wife as he is to his old plate and altogether a genuine wooden soldier and the hero of "The Uncertain Trumpet!"

His scapegrace brother, "Banjo," fares better in the character analysis. He has passion; he has humour; he has sense enough to appreciate the youth and vivacity of his startled sister-in-law. Probably that is why he fares so ill in Mr. Hutchinson's plot.

And the poor bride and sister-in-law! She is as loyal to her husband as the plot requires and she is as nearly the mistress of the brother-in-law as the character delineation and the author will permit. So really, the book is a "see-saw"; people here, people there, plot here, plot there; they bear little relation one to the other; the plot seldom is ever, explains an idiosyncrasy, although there are many of them, and an idiosyncrasy is seldom responsible for any part of the plot. The one exception to this is Miss Pasture and certainly if Miss Pasture's wild hate had not led to spying and vengeance, the book could not have ended in a great engulfing wave of fervour.

Which all goes to show that Mr. Hutchinson displayed fine taste in his selection of a title "The Uncertain Trumpet."

The Chosen Race

"DON'T CALL ME CLEVER," by Lawrence Drake; Simon & Schuster; Musson, Toronto; 351 pages; price \$2.50.

By NATHANIEL A. BENSON

LAWRENCE DRAKE'S "Don't Call Me Clever" is a brilliant and realistic story of its kind, neither striking nor memorable, beyond the pale of literature, and indeed lying somewhere between the marshes of Hemingway and the plains of Callaghan. Drake has the knack and cleverness in writing clear, staccato dialogue that the above masters possess, and in the end he leaves one feeling that life is a fairly sordid dull daily sort of thing. It doesn't much matter and people are generally mean, when not mean, incapable, and when not incapable, futile or dangerous. Those are the type of

figures popular with the clever modern novelist. He does not look up at the stars, for he is too interested in the ladies and gentlemen of the pavement. This shows fine intellect and little inspiration.

Drake's novel deals with two Jewish brothers in Milwaukee of a fairly representative type. Al and Nathan Laskov sum up many of the characteristics of their race. Nathan the wild, bitter idealist, terrible in argument, and Al who is a splendid portrait of the "American" big business man, shady yet soft-hearted, a character of great complexity. He combines sentimentality, shrewdness, vulgarity and generosity in an amazing degree. Drake in his writing of Al's method of speech uses his cheap staccato dialogue as a vehicle of accurate expression. In no other way could he have so well caught the flavor of his main character's nature, a nature symbolic of the whole form, savor, and rhythm of that business-like people whose original temper has been oddly altered by modern American environment.

Drake's first novel is a quite free, unsentimental portrayal of the Jewish intellect and spirit. He is not inclined to gloss over their faults and on the

other hand does not conceal their intrinsic virtues. The persons of the novel are clear and distinct, the motives definite, the plot moves along easily and intelligibly and the final result achieved is one of satisfaction to the reader, who feels that Drake may be no prose-master, but in his own chosen field of modern fiction a little starkly told, is a very capable craftsman.

Douglas had been promoted to the position of monitor in his new class and was anxious: "And please, God," he prayed that night, "wake me early in the morning. Shall we say a quarter to eight?"—*Tit Bits*.

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China in Revolt

"THE LEGACY OF SUN YATSEN", a history of the Chinese Revolution, by Gustav Amann; Louis Carrier, Montreal; 300 pages and eighteen half-tone illustrations; \$3.75.

By L. L. FORBES

DR. AMANN has had an opportunity to see something of the forces at work that produced the Chinese Revolution, and from a wealth of material he has written its history. He professes to be an impartial observer but this profession of judicial impartiality is not substantiated by his treatment of the case. He is a socialist and it is from that angle that he writes. His hatred for England gives bitterness to his attacks against her policy. At times he is quite truculent. His content on that England was the arch enemy of Chinese autonomy and "that she was the driving power behind all obstructive tactics", and that she engaged "in an untruthful propaganda such as she used in the last war with Germany", is sweeping.

He argues that at the outbreak of the revolution the Foreign Powers should have yielded their concessions and privileges, that they had held for years by virtue of agreements with the Manchu dynasty, to the demands of a political party that was but a loosely organized group of idealists and patriots, calling themselves the Nationalist party which had gathered about it a badly equipped and poorly paid army with which they were waging civil war.

With the memory of the Russian débacle still fresh, it was obvious, I think, that the Foreign Powers should look askance at Dr. Sun Yatsen's party while they were fraternizing with Communists imported from Russia as special advisers. Russian methods and Russian ethics were not rated very high in Europe. Dr. Amann naively states that the Russians—always excepting the white Russians in the north—were purely altruistic and were only giving help with organizing the Kuo-Mintang Forces; that they were not spreading the propaganda of the Third International for world revolution, as he feels sure. Pretty hard to believe when one remembers that Borodin and General Galen were of Trotsky's radical group. At any rate Communism got into the party and was the rock on which the Kuo-Mintang split and all but went to pieces. It was left for Chiang Kai-shek, Sun Yatsen's successor, to send them home, but not before they had caused much trouble. Sun Yatsen and his immediate circle were never Communistic but they were glad to avail themselves of the superior organizing ability of Borodin and his conferees. It was they who taught the Chinese that nation wide propaganda, springing up first in sporadic cases here, there and everywhere throughout the country, would soon develop epidemic proportions and prepare the way for the advancing Nationalist troops, and this they were glad to incorporate into the machine of the Kuo-Mintang. Thus it was that all over the country the peasants of the Red Sphere were banded into marauding hordes that waged guerrilla warfare and were useful as mopping up parties when they made short work of the defeated who were not speedy in retreat. Sun Yatsen called them his volunteers.

There were many factors in the Chinese Revolution. The Manchu dynasty could not pay its foreign loans, it became bankrupt and fell. Floods, famines that were more devastating than war, abject poverty among millions were chronic conditions; the Foreign Powers had obtained great concessions, their power was increasing, their money had built railways, telegraph lines, and opened schools, hospitals and churches; they had built the great Hong Kong on a rocky island and had made Shanghai the Paris of the Orient; they maintained troops, they had extraterritoriality and their own courts of law, moreover they had control of the sea and salt duties and a fixed tariff that the Chinese could not change. Within their settlements reigned peace and prosperity that extended to the native workmen and servants.

What the Nationalists saw was that they were undoubtedly being exploited, that they were left behind in the race where Western civilization was in the forefront. The crux of the situation was that China had developed a self

consciousness, due partly to the foreigners in her midst. She feared for her national integrity, while foreign control of her tariffs and concessions were thorns in the flesh. Her government was archaic; it was a loose, formless thing in a world that was becoming standardized and in which governments had not only definite form and shape but had administrative facilities to take care of their internal economy as well as foreign affairs. In the declining years of the Empress (the old Buddha) and after the death of the young Emperor there was not even a Son of Heaven to look to. War lords, pirates and bandits were rampant. Many Chinese having gone abroad to be educated, returned to their native land filled with patriotic fervor and Western culture. This intelligentsia Sun Yatsen gathered around him as the nucleus for his Kuo-Mintang. They came from American universities, English schools, and the military centres of Tokio and Moscow. To complicate things great numbers of immature students attached themselves to the party.

What the foreigners saw was a country torn by civil war and a revolutionary party that could not agree within itself crying, down with the foreigner, down with the Manchus and down with all the existing order. They saw their security menaced and they sat tight as long as they could. Then after many insults and rioting had gone too far, British troops took a hand and protected their own. To add to confusion the capital was moved periodically—Peking, Canton, Nanking, even Hang Kow had a turn while that picturesque but efficient ex-bandit Chang Tzo-lin ruled in Manchuria.

"The Chinese law provides for penalties that according to Western standards are quite out of proportion, and torture is still admissible for the purpose of determining facts. The death warrant takes horrible forms."

And it was in this country at a time when chaos reigned that Dr. Amann would have all Western people give up extraterritoriality and privilege of jurisdiction to be at the mercy of Chinese justice, which as he admits was not a written code but a matter of use-and-want.

Many pages are devoted to such abstruse subjects as Chinese culture and spirituality (allied to the Russian spirituality) as against the "will-to-power" of a capitalistic Christian world. The philosophy of Confucius he finds elevating and more suited to the Chinese than Christianity. For the materialism that has produced "a mechanistic civilization" he has contempt.

When Dr. Amann finally launches into the military campaign he gets down to facts and history and is highly entertaining. This is possibly the most interesting part of the book both from a military standpoint and because it revolves around various types from Christian generals who made canny alliances and were responsible for coups of real strategy, to the typical northern War Lords.

Dr. Amann considers Dr. Sun Yatsen both a prophet and "the greatest Chinese statesman". He was undoubtedly a sincere, upright man and a great patriot, as well as being an idealist. That he did not expect Utopia to rise at once is clear from his statement that he expected the revolution to pass through three stages: first, the military stage; second, educational tutelage, and third, constitutional. There are still two million soldiers under arms in China. To Chiang Kai-shek, for whom I confess a liking, the author is hostile.

In spite of its bias the book is enlightening and interesting. At times it would be better for more continuity and coherence. It has been translated by Frederick William Grove.

In the Midst of Alarms

"THE COURTS OF THE MORNING," by John Buchan; Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., \$2.00.

By JEAN GRAHAM

READERS of "Thirty-nine Steps" and "Greenmantle" will require no urging to read a Buchan story. In this latest production we have a romance of a weird country in South America where a superman reigns over hun-

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